

THE CRITIC,

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, AND PUBLISHERS.

VOL. VI. No. 137.

[SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1847.]

Price 3d.
Stamped 4d.

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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Journals and Letters. Edited by Two of her Daughters. In 2 vols. Vol. I. London, 1847. Gilpin, and Hatchard and Son.

DEVELOPMENT and progression are the great laws of nature. Everywhere we behold them, whether we examine the growth of a plant or an insect, or the physical formation or mental advancement of a human being; whether we confine our regards to the microcosm of an individual existence or extend them to a survey of the great whole, either of the natural world since, life first stirred in the seas which bathed our new-formed globe, or since, in the beginning of time, man was placed in a situation where, amid contending principles, he was furnished with the means of attaining a greater glory than he had lost. Portions of the whole—individuals—nations—may fall away, but truth and knowledge are ever advancing.

The end of knowledge and the sum of truth is love. More than eighteen hundred years ago this doctrine was preached to man,—but the progress of truth, though sure, is slow, and even now this greatest of all truths is not, as it might be, the pervading spirit of human institutions. Rapid, however, has been the improvement during the last twenty or thirty years. The law has discovered that punishment is not vengeance, and that the crime of a petty theft is not to be expiated by the greater crime of murder. It has also been discovered that for the prevention of crime and the reformation of the criminal—the two great ends of justice—humane and gentle treatment is more efficient than all the terrors which have ever been invented for the recompense of the evil-doer.

To illustrate this truth we have only to point to the life and labours of ELIZABETH FRY—a woman of whom her country may be justly proud, and whose name may well be enrolled among the benefactors of the human race. Mrs. FRY was fortunate in living in an age which could appreciate her character and works. Her spirit was the spirit of the times. Existing practices were indeed strangely at variance with it; but on all thinking minds a sense of the frightful evils attendant upon them had forced itself. The wish for improvement was sincere—but the way was undiscovered. The public mind was prepared to acknowledge its own exponent in the deeds of the gentle and pious Quakeress, whose life and labours are the subject of the work before us. She was the instrument selected by Providence as the originator of a great moral reform: she was the type of the improved humanity—of the advancing Christianity of the period. She it was who shewed in the most incontestable manner, as applied to the most vicious and degraded part of the community, the power which good inherently possesses to subdue evil by the force of its moral beauty alone. The works of Mrs. FRY, the idea which they represented, and which we firmly believe will continue to be developed for ever, are her best monument. Another has been raised to her memory in the present

work by two of her daughters. They have performed the work creditably to themselves as well as to their mother. They have wisely allowed the character of Mrs. FRY to speak for itself in her letters, her journals, and, above all, her works, simply supplying the connecting links necessary for the comprehension of the whole. The result is a finished portrait of this excellent lady which impresses us at once with its fidelity. The selections from her journals might, perhaps, have been abridged with advantage, as they contain sundry repetitions unnecessary for the development of her character. The reigning characteristics of the work, however, are simplicity and good taste.

ELIZABETH FRY was descended from Quaker families on both sides; on her father's from a younger branch of the ancient Norman family of GURNEY or GOURNAY. Her father carried on mercantile pursuits in Norwich, in which town, ELIZABETH, his third daughter, was born on the 21st of May, 1780. Six years afterwards the family removed to Earlham Hall, about two miles from Norwich, a beautiful old-fashioned residence placed in the midst of a wooded park, and surrounded by picturesque scenery. The charms of this lovely spot seem to have nourished in the mind of the young ELIZABETH a deep love for natural beauty, which through life appeared to have formed one of the distinguishing features of her character. Amid the multiplied cares of after years she would turn for refreshment, with all the genuine warmth of an ever-young heart, to the enjoyment of nature, which she loved as the beautiful gift of Him to whose service her life was devoted. When the mother of a large family, several of whom were grown up, at a period when she was consulted by the great ones of the earth upon questions which deeply involved the well-being of society, we find this pure-minded woman engaged with her little children in making a collection of shells, and entering with zest into the employment.

The parents of Mrs. FRY were persons of talent, education, and refinement, and appear to have been much and deservedly beloved by their numerous family. Mrs. GURNEY considered the education of her daughters as of the greatest importance, and appears to have devoted much of her time and thoughts to their moral and intellectual development. A transcript from her own memoranda shews her to have been a woman of high principle, cultivated intellect, and sound views of life and its duties. Very interesting are Mrs. FRY's

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY LIFE.

My earliest recollections are, I should think, soon after I was two years old. My father, at that time, had two houses—one in Norwich, and one at Bramerton, a sweet country place, situated on a common, near a village; here, I believe, many of my early tastes were formed, though we left it to reside at Earlham, when I was about five years old. The impressions then received remain lively on my recollection; the delight in the beauty and wild scenery on parts of the common, the trees, the flowers, and the little rills that abounded on it; the farm-houses, the village school, and the different poor people and their cottages, particularly a poor woman with one arm, whom we called one-armed Betty. Another neighbour, Greengrass, and her strawberry-beds round a little pond; our gardener, who lived near a large piece of water, and used to bring fish from it; here I think my great love for the country, the beauties of nature, and attention to the poor began. My mother was most dear to me, and the walks she took with me in the old-fashioned garden are as fresh with me as if only just passed, and her telling me about Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise. I always

considered it must be just like our garden at Bramerton. I remember that my spirits were not strong; that I frequently cried when looked at, and used to say that my eyes were weak; but I remember much pleasure and little suffering, or particular tendency to naughtiness up to this period. Fear, about this time began to shew itself, of people and things. I remember being so much afraid of a gun, that I gave up an expedition of pleasure with my father and mother because there was a gun in the carriage. I was also exceedingly afraid of the dark, and suffered so acutely from being left alone without a light when I went to bed, that I believe my nervous system was injured in consequence of it; also I had so great a dread of bathing (to which I was at times obliged to submit) that at the first sight of the sea, when we were as a family going to stay by it, it would make me cry: indeed fear was so strong a principle in my mind, as greatly to mar the natural pleasure of childhood. I am now of opinion that it would have been much more subdued, and great suffering spared, by its having been still more yielded to; by having a light left in my room; not being long left alone; and never being forced to bathe: for I do not doubt at all that it partly arose from that nervous, susceptible constitution that has at times throughout my life caused me such real and deep suffering. I know not what would have been the consequence, had I had any other than a most careful and wise mother, and judicious nurses, or had I been alarmed, as too many children are, with false threats of what might happen. I had, as well as a fearful, rather a reserved mind, for I never remember telling of my many painful fears, though I must often have shewn them by weeping when left in the dark, and on other occasions. This reserve made me little understood, and thought very little of, except by my mother and one or two others. I was considered and called very stupid and obstinate. I certainly did not like learning, nor did I, I believe, attend to my lessons,—partly, I believe, from a delicate state of health, that produced languor of mind as well as of body; but, I think having the name of being stupid really tended to make me so, and discouraged my efforts to learn. I remember having a poor, not to say low, opinion of myself, and used to think I was very inferior to my sisters, Rachel and Catherine. I believe I had not a name only for being obstinate, for my nature had a strong tendency that way; and I was disposed to a spirit of contradiction, always ready to see things a little differently from others, and not willing to yield my sentiments to theirs. My natural affections were very strong from my early childhood, at times overwhelmingly so: such was the love for my mother that the thought that she might die and leave me used to make me weep after I went to bed; and for the rest of the family, notwithstanding my fearful nature, my childlike wish was, that two large walls might crush in all together, that we might die at once, and thus avoid the misery of each other's death. I seldom, if I could help it, left my mother's side; I watched her when asleep in the day with exquisite anxiety, and used to go gently to her bedside to listen, from the awful fear that she did not breathe: in short I may truly say it amounted to deep reverence that I felt for my father and mother. I never remember, as a little child, but once being punished by my mother; and she then mistook tears of sorrow for tears of naughtiness,—a thing that deeply impressed me, and I have never forgotten the pain it gave me. Although I do not imply that I had no faults,—far from it, as some of the faults of my childhood are very lively in my recollection,—yet from my extreme love and fear, many of those faults were known only to myself.

At about twelve years of age, ELIZABETH GURNEY had the misfortune to lose her excellent mother, and was thus left without a guide at that period when the enquiring mind first perceives the riddles of existence, and seeks eagerly for a theory whereon to rest the puzzled spirit. Possessed, however, of an eminently practical disposition, exercising even in early youth a strict examination into her own heart and motives, forming thus a just estimate of

her own natural character, and finding in its inclinations, wants, and weaknesses, a key to human nature in general, she was led to perceive the necessity of a higher principle than mere temporal interests can supply to appease the cravings of an eternal spirit, and support it on a path worthy of its high destiny. We believe that in her perfect self-knowledge lay the secret of her wonderful penetration into the characters of others, the ready sympathy her tender nature was thus enabled to extend, and her quick application of the befitting remedy. In the loftiness of her own genuine humility, she felt in its fullest extent the tie of that similitude existing everywhere in human nature, and the recognition of which, whether by individuals or by societies, must ever lead to the manifestation of the truth that the mission of the pure is not to condemn but to save. In this doctrine consists the very essence of Christianity, and the development of which in practice every-day experience shews us to be not more consonant to Divine example and precept, than applicable to the complicated nature of man. Purity and charity are inseparable; and the increase of compassionate sympathy, which of late years has been manifested towards the criminal, is of itself a testimony to the higher state of morals in the community at large,—a proof that crime itself is held in greater detestation—viewed as an evil not to be banished into some other sphere of God's universe, but to be utterly annihilated by the transforming power of all-subduing love. There was nothing theoretical or speculative in Mrs. FRY's character; it was not her part to illumine truth with the irradiation of intellect, or to demonstrate its beauty in words which bring conviction, and perpetuate the life of thought on earth, long after the spirit which uttered them has fled to a higher home. Her philosophy was practice: she was no poetess, but her whole life was a beautiful hymn to love. Hers was a moral greatness. Faith and love were her unerring guides. To the same guidance must the operation of the finest intellect point at last as the only safeguard for fallible humanity.

The GURNEYS, though members of the Society of Friends, were far from conforming strictly to the observances of their sect. They mingled much in society, and led a gay life. Possessing considerable personal attractions, we find ELIZABETH, on her first appearance in life, entering with avidity into the amusements of society. She seems in particular to have been fond of music and dancing. At seventeen, her feelings and tastes underwent an important change, which was principally effected through the instrumentality of the preaching of WILLIAM SAVERY, a Friend from America. One of her sisters remarks—"From that day her love of pleasure and of the world seemed gone. During her last illness, she thus addressed one of her children:—"My dear —, I can say one thing; since my heart was touched at the age of seventeen, I believe, I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord,"—a declaration, to the truth of which her whole life bears witness. Her singleness of purpose elevated her at once above the praise or the blame of man, and converted her natural timidity, by directing it towards the fear of doing wrong, into a real courage. Shortly after her acquaintance with WILLIAM SAVERY, she paid a visit to London, where she entered into much gaiety, which, together with a journey she took into Wales and the south of England, that brought her into close intercourse with various

Friends, confirmed her in the views of life and religion she had now adopted, and increased greatly her strong leaning to the principles of strict Quakerism. On her return to Earham, she resumed her usual habits of benevolent industry,—visiting the sick, relieving the poor, and teaching the ignorant. She had at her school no fewer than seventy pupils, whom she, a girl of eighteen, kept under control without any assistance whatever. Humanity is the finest feature of Quakerism, and never has it been more strikingly and beautifully manifested than in the character of ELIZABETH FRY. The following anecdote is related of her:—

Nor was her attention confined to the poor; where any little kindness seemed needed, there she delighted to offer it. A circumstance marking this trait in her character was related a few years ago to one of her family, by a lady, the widow of an officer, who was living alone in a small house near Norwich, about 1798, during her husband's absence. Her income was limited; she was young, and had few acquaintance. It was during her confinement with her first child, that she was surprised by a loud ring at the bell. The servant came running up with a basket in her hand, and in the broad dialect peculiar to Norfolk, informed her mistress that it had been left by "a beautiful lady on horse-back, in a scarlet riding-habit," whose servant had told her that it was Miss Elizabeth Gurney. The basket contained a chicken and some little delicacies; and the same attentions were repeated, although she was personally a stranger to Elizabeth and her family.

Gradually, Miss ELIZABETH GURNEY adopted the peculiar principles, dress, manners, and mode of speech belonging to the stricter members of the Society of Friends, and became in every respect "a plain Quaker." With regard to the propriety of certain social pleasures, she remarks in her journal, "I think music and dancing, the first pleasures in life, not happiness; they elevate too high. They may be right, but I do not feel quite free to enjoy them; I will now leave it, as my judgment is not clear." We accordingly find her declining to dance, even with her brother. On another occasion, she had a struggle to address an acquaintance as "Thou." Although, in the first of these cases, we cannot participate in the sentiment which leads to the rejection of the use of any of those innocent pleasures with which it has pleased God to adorn our temporal existence, and in the second difficulty, can perceive only a tendency to that formality which savours more of the letter than of the spirit, we can yet admire in both the high-minded motive, which is thus stated in one of the private journals of the young Quakeress.

I give myself this advice—do not fear truth, let it be ever so contrary to inclination and feeling. Never give up the search after it; and let me take courage, and try from the bottom of my heart to do that which I believe truth dictates, if it lead me to be a Quaker or not. The last and the best advice I can give myself is, as far as I am able, to look up to the God who is unitedly worshipped by the whole earth, who has created us, and whom, we feel, has power over our thoughts, words, and deeds.

The person whose conduct is regulated by such precepts as these can never go far astray. Such are the principles which form a character at once sincere, earnest, and liberal. We behold in Mrs. FRY's scrupulosity a striking exemplification of the manner in which true piety operates in the judgments it forms. Whilst the hypocrite or self-deceiver has a clear eye to what he terms the vanities and worldliness of others, while he prides himself on rejecting those pleasures which he has not the soul to

comprehend or the heart to enjoy,—all the time, perchance, worshipping Mammon under the name of industry, economy, or some other appellation equally specious, the earnest believer judges most severely of those very employments or amusements to which his own inclinations naturally lead. Mrs. FRY's natural love for music and dancing was the very reason which led her to doubt its propriety. She could not trust to her own impartiality when her inclination was in the balance, and she was thus led to make a very unnecessary sacrifice.

On the 19th of August, 1800, ELIZABETH GURNEY was married to Mr. JOSEPH FRY, youngest son of Mr. WILLIAM STORRS FRY, of London, then engaged with his brother, Mr. WILLIAM FRY, in extensive business in the metropolis. Before having arrived at a positive determination on this momentous subject, she thus expresses her feelings:—

Twelfth month, 12th.—I believe the true state of my mind is as follows: I have, almost ever since I have been under the influence of religion, rather thought marriage at this time was not a good thing for me, as it might lead my interest and affection from that source in which they should be centred; and also, if I have any active duties to perform in the church,—if I really follow as far as I am able the voice of Truth in my heart, are they not rather incompatible with the duties of a wife and a mother? And is it not safest to wait and see what is the probable course I shall take in this life, before I enter into any engagement that affects my future career? So I think, and so I have thought. But to look on the other side,—if Truth appears to tell me I may marry, I should leave the rest, and hope, whatsoever my duties are, I shall be able to perform them; but it is now at this time the prayer of my heart, that if I ever should be a mother, I may rest with my children, and really find my duties lead me to them and to my husband; and if my duty ever leads me from my family, that it may be in single life. I must leave all to the wisdom of a superior Power, and in humble confidence pray for assistance, both now and for evermore, in performing His will.

About this time the idea of becoming a preacher seems first to have been started in her mind,—an awful one to a young woman of so sensitive and nervous a temperament as she possessed. Believing, according to the creed of the Christian body to which she belonged, that such notions were direct inspirations of the Divine Spirit, she thus writes in reference to this subject:—

I am unwilling to think any thing of the kind would at present be required of me; I believe it would be a greater trial than I can describe, my whole appearance being so different from those who are generally ministers among us. But yet I hope, if ever duty requires it of me, I may do it, let it be early or late.

Frequently we find her having severe mental struggles on the same subject, and accusing herself of disobedience to the heavenly voice. Immediately after her marriage Mrs. FRY accompanied her husband on a visit to his father at his residence at Plashet House in Essex, which, after the death of the latter in 1808, became principally her home. In the meantime, however, the young couple were established in the house of business in St. Mildred's Court, in the city of London. Here the first years of her married life were passed, and five of her children born. This period seems less than any other marked by exertions out of the domestic circle on the part of Mrs. FRY. Her benevolence towards the poor is still, however, a distinguishing feature of her character. Her consideration towards her servants and her desire to make

friends of them, is also worthy of remark. In the spring of 1809, Mr. and Mrs. FRY removed to Plashet,—a charming change for one who found in all the forms of nature a never-failing source of joy for her own pure soul.

She would enjoy her garden and flowers, generally with some of her children with her, and then as quickly resume her employments. Although these occupations appeared different, there was unity of purpose in the whole. She desired to serve God in the fulfilment of her daily duties; she offered to Him the sacrifice of thanksgiving, by the spirit in which she accepted and enjoyed his beauties in creation. Her brow would relax and her countenance beam with intelligence, as she explained to her children the wonders of the heavenly bodies, the structure of an insect, or the growth and beauty of a flower.

In the autumn of the year in which Mrs. FRY removed to Plashet, she had the misfortune to lose her father. She was called by an express to Norfolk, and had the satisfaction to arrive at Earlham ere he had breathed his last. Though deeply bowed by grief, she appears on this occasion to have experienced a wonderful religious exaltation, which she thus expresses—

The next morning he died, quite easily. I was not with him; but on entering his room soon after it was over, my soul was bowed within me, in love, not only for the deceased, but for the living, and in humble thankfulness; so that I could hardly help uttering (which I did) my thanksgiving and praise, and also what I felt for the living as well as the dead. I cannot understand it; but the power was wonderful to myself, and the cross none; my heart was so full that I could hardly hinder utterance.

It was at her father's funeral that Mrs. FRY first felt constrained to give utterance to her feelings in public. The commencement of her ministry may be dated from this time, although it was not till the year 1811 that she was formally acknowledged as a minister by the Society of Friends. About this time we find Mrs. FRY having some scruples with regard to encouraging habits of intimacy with clergymen and members of different Christian denominations. As her mind, however, became matured and expanded, these scruples vanished, and she was led to perceive that true holiness is confined to no sect or party. Several members of the GURNEY family adopted views at variance with Quakerism; one of her sisters was married to a clergyman of the Established Church; and she finally sanctioned the marriage of one of her own children with one who was not a "Friend." She felt that, however different the forms, there is but *one* spirit among those who in *truth* worship the *one* Lord. In other respects also, her mind became enlarged. We find her making the following remark:—

I have so much seen the extreme importance of occupation to the well-being of mankind, that many works of art which tend to our accommodation, and even the gratification of our taste may be innocently partaken of, may be used and not abused, and kept in their proper places; as by so doing, we encourage that sort of employment that prevents the active powers of man being spent in things that are evil.

The following is an account of the impression produced by Mrs. FRY's ministry, furnished by Mr. HUGHES, one of the secretaries of the Bible Society. Having given an account of the public meeting, he thus continues:—

My colleagues and myself adjourned to Earlham, two miles from Norwich, where we had passed the previous day, and where we witnessed emanations of piety, generosity, and affection, in a degree that does not often meet the eye of mortals. Our

hosts and hostesses were the Gurneys, chiefly Quakers, who, together with their guests, amounted to thirty-four. A clergyman, at the instance of one of the family, and, I presume, with the most cordial concurrence of the rest, read a portion of the Scriptures morning and evening, and twice we had prayers; I should have said thrice, for after dinner on the day of the meeting, the pause, encouraged by "the Society of Friends," was succeeded by a devout address to the Deity by a female minister, Elizabeth Fry, whose manner was impressive, and whose words were so appropriate that none present can ever forget the incident, or ever advert to it without emotion alike powerful and pleasing. The first emotion was surprise; the second, awe; the third, pious fervour.

Following the example of the Editors of this Memoir, we would waive all discussion on the subject of female ministry, merely declaring our belief that all pure souls, earnestly seeking after truth, will assuredly be directed towards that work best adapted to their individual faculties and to the promotion of the general good. But the efforts of Mrs. FRY were not confined to her ministerial avocations; amid all her domestic duties, and the cares and anxieties incidental to the mother of a young family, her active philanthropy manifested itself in the establishment of schools, the systematic relief of the poor, visiting the sick, and comforting the afflicted. In her charitable actions Mrs. FRY knew no distinctions of class, or country, or sect. Sorrow or want of any description, proceed whence they might, were ever to her irresistible claims for sympathy and aid. It was the universality of her charity and her faith that there is no evil thoroughly irremediable, which led to those exertions for the benefit of the most vicious class of society, which have rendered the name of ELIZABETH FRY so deservedly celebrated. Her family were in the habit of passing part of the year in London. In the winter of 1814 Mrs. FRY thus simply records her first visits to Newgate:—

Yesterday we were some hours at Newgate with the poor female felons, attending to their outward necessities; we had been twice previously. Before we went away, dear Anna Buxton uttered a few words in supplication, and, very unexpectedly to myself, I did also. I heard weeping, and I thought they appeared much tendered; a very solemn quiet was observed. It was a striking scene, the poor people on their knees around us in their deplorable condition.

The impression made on these occasions was never effaced from the memory of Mrs. FRY. Vice of almost every description found a representative in this abode of guilt. The external misery formed a counterpart to the moral depravity. "Spirits were openly drunk, and the ear was assailed with the most terrible language." Such was the lawlessness prevailing, that the ladies were advised to leave their watches, in case they were snatched from their sides. Exposed to the influence of this fearful scene of corruption were the young children of the felons. The tender heart of Mrs. FRY bled for those little victims, as well as for their wretched mothers; but at that time nothing farther was done than to supply the most destitute with clothing. An interest, however, had been awakened in the bosom of the philanthropist which issued in time in the most active measures—measures which had a highly beneficial effect, not only upon the immediate objects of her humane care, but upon many similar unhappy ones, and upon the well-being of society at large. Ere she entered upon what may be termed her public career, many trials of a private nature were, however, in store for ELIZABETH FRY. A long attack of illness,

originating in the nervous delicacy of her natural constitution, appears to have tried her severely. It is, perhaps, difficult for those who have not experienced any thing of a similar nature to imagine the sources of discomfort, mental and bodily, which are opened by an organization such as Mrs. FRY seems to have possessed. We can only trace them in what has been proved to be the effects of such an organization by the sound reasoning of an enlightened philosophy, which views man in his double nature of animal and spirit. The career of Mrs. FRY also exemplifies the power of the principle by which the firm soul ever maintains its supremacy over the mortal part, whatever be the burdens entailed upon it by the inseparable union. There is something morally sublime in the spectacle of this tenderly nurtured, delicate, sensitive, timid woman, leaving a home of love and comfort, and venturing without defence, and attended only by two or three kindred beings, into an assembly of the very rudest and lowest, where vice appeared in her most frightful mien, and where no sounds met her ear but those of quarrelling and blasphemy; and by the force of her own gentle wisdom and unaffected piety transforming this mob of furies into a peaceable assembly of submissive and grateful women. But to return to our narrative. The birth of Mrs. FRY's ninth child, in 1814, was succeeded by the death of her brother, Mr. JOHN GURNEY, which was shortly followed by that of her much-esteemed cousin and friend, Mr. JOSEPH GURNEY BEVAN. In the November of the following year another heavy affliction awaited her in the death of one of her own children—a little girl, who, though of very tender years, appeared to have inherited, in a great degree, her mother's character and pious disposition. Mrs. FRY's tenth child was born in 1816. The same year, before removing to London for the winter, she placed her two elder sons at school. Her elder daughters were at this time residing with their aunt, her sister, Mrs. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM. During this period, Mrs. FRY also sustained a considerable loss of property, which entailed upon her the necessity of a closer personal attention to domestic offices than she had hitherto been required to bestow. Mrs. FRY seems to have had little natural taste for such avocations, but they were not on that account neglected by her. She seems also to have been considerably occupied at this time by her ministerial duties, which our readers are aware involve, among Quakers, occasional absence from home to attend the different meetings in various parts of the country. We have now brought our readers to that period which was marked by the commencement of Mrs. FRY's regular efforts for the benefit of the miserable females confined in Newgate. The account of her labours there we shall reserve for a future number. It may be thought that we have dwelt long upon what may be considered only preliminary to the great work of her life. Our object has been to furnish, as far as we were able, in the development of her original and beautiful character, a key to the right comprehension of her actions, and to the manner in which they produced results which are, even yet, spite of the manifest improvement, we believe but in the germ. It has also been our design to shew that the loftiest moral courage is not incompatible with the tenderness and refinement of the most feminine nature.

(To be continued.)

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Hints for Travellers to India; detailing the Several Routes. By Messrs. GRINDLAY. Smith, Elder, and Co.

ALL the information required by persons adopting the passage to India round the Cape, or following the overland routes, is in this hand-book succinctly gathered. Maps of the routes by steam through the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and of the overland journeys through France and Germany, accompany the work, which we recommend to the attention of all who purpose visiting our Eastern Empire as the most complete in its details, the most authentic and useful of all the hand-books to India that have come under our notice.

ALLEGED DISCOVERY OF A NEW ISLAND.—The *Bermuda Gazette* says the following very questionable statement appears in the *St. Thomas's Times* of the 22nd ult.:—"Discovery of a new island by Captain L. Paulson, of the Danish ship *Triton*, on his last voyage from Santa Cruz to London. A few days after leaving the West India Islands, on the 26th of March, in the evening, towards sunset, the weather cloudy with thunder and lightning, every thing set except studdingsails, wind S.S.E. one of the crew informed the captain that he could see land, which report the captain could not believe; but on looking over the side thought he could see the bottom. The lead was immediately hove, and found 16 fathoms; every thing being made ready to tack ship, the lead was hove again, and five fathoms. Tacked ship and steered all night with small sail set, W.S.W.; at daylight, tacked and went E.N.E. and soon saw the island direct ahead; anchored in a bay with sandy bottom in seven fathoms. The captain went on shore and walked round the island in about half an hour; it was covered with green grass and bushes. While the captain was taking an observation the crew came and told him they had discovered the body of a dead man. Proceeding to the spot he found it in a cave in a perfect state, apparently, but dried up, with long whiskers and beard, and long yellow hair. He found also an oval box, on which some letters were inscribed, and a small boat partially constructed, which was fastened together with something, but could find no nails. The whole of these on being handled crumbled into dust. He found the latitude to be 33 deg. 19 min. N. longitude, 42 deg. 39 min. W. by chronometer. He judged the island to be from sixty to seventy feet in height. Planted the Dutch colours on it, and proceeded on his voyage."

FICTION.

The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. A new Edition, with Illustrations. London, 1847. Burns.

A NEW edition of the most truth-like fiction the world possesses, beautifully printed on the best paper, and illustrated with engravings after the fashion of those that have adorned the various publications of Mr. Burns, cannot but be as acceptable to the world of present-givers as to that of gift-receivers. It is very carefully edited.

EDUCATION.

A Complete Practical Grammar of the German Language; including Exercises for Beginners and for the Advanced. By the Rev. F. NEEBE, Ph. Dr. London, 1847. Williams and Norgate.

NOTHING is more difficult than to devise a new grammar in any language. The most accomplished teacher can do little more than re-arrange the material collected by the thousand grammarians who have preceded him. Mr. NEEBE's work is remarkable for the clearness with which he defines the rules, and the aptitude of his illustrations of them. The division on the Construction of the German Language will be found especially useful to those who desire to speak and write as well as to read German.

Outlines of the History of Ireland, for Schools and Families. Second Edition. Dublin, 1847. Curry and Co.

THE title of the work is its best recommendation.

We have never seen before a history of Ireland adapted for the purposes of education; and the consequence is, that in society one meets few persons who know anything about it. The introduction into schools and families of this little volume would remove such discreditable ignorance, and therefore do we welcome its appearance as a valuable contribution to the cause of education. It is sensibly, quietly, but graphically written, and calculated to keep the attention awake, even in the duller periods of a history that has few striking features.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

A FEW that arrived after the usual monthly packet require a brief notice.

Part III. of Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT's extremely interesting work called *The Land We Live In*, treats of "Hampton Court," "The Isle of Thanet," "Manchester," and "Norwich." Accurate descriptions of these places are given and illustrated by numerous woodcuts by HARVEY and others, and the information is so copious and forms such agreeable and instructive reading, that we would earnestly recommend this periodical to the attentive perusal of all who desire to know what are the wonders of nature and art to be found in this glorious "land we live in."

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge is another of Mr. KNIGHT's bold enterprises. This new part (the seventh) extends from the word "Australia" to the word "Bambusa." It is a miracle of cheapness.

Knights' Farmer's Library and Cyclopædia of Rural Affairs, Part VI. continues the subject of "The Horse," which is treated so elaborately that almost the whole of this part of sixty-four large pages of double columns is devoted to its diseases and their management.

The Drawing-Room Magazine, for August, is mainly devoted to fancy needle-work, and such like feminine pursuits, for which ample instructions are given, illustrated by engravings. Literature is not neglected, and the editress has the good taste to select her poetry from the best works of the best authors, instead of wasting her pages upon the original contributions of anonymous verse-mongers.

The Household Book of Practical Receipts is useful, and they are frequently selected from the best authorities, who are named; thus we are presented with the choicest recipes of THOMSON, UDE, KITCHENER, and SOYER.

RELIGION.

The Church Goer. Rural Rides or Calls at Country Churches. London: Hamilton and Co.

THIS volume contains, in a collected form, a series of letters published in the *Bristol Times*, descriptive of churches and preachers in that city and its neighbourhood. The author has adopted the plain but forcible style in which COBBETT excelled. He writes in almost a homely strain; but by the aptness of his words, and the minuteness of his drawing, he brings persons and places distinctly before the mind's eye. He has, moreover, a spice of humour that adds vastly to the interest of his narratives. He is without a large-minded man, neither a zealot nor a bigot, and thoroughly satisfied that virtue and truth may exist beyond the boundary of his own creed.

The provincial character of this work forbids a long notice, but a few gleanings from its contents will please our readers.

This is a good specimen of the author's manner, and an excellent sketch of

A SOMERSET CLOWN.

On entering the church-yard, which I did over a wooden stile, from the village, I found, as one generally does in a country parish, a number of rustics loitering about. There was one old fellow, however, seated by the base of the ancient cross,

and at the moment engaged in winding up or setting his watch by the village oracle, to whom I applied myself, as being the most conversible son of the soil there.

"Fine morning, measter," said he, on seeing me approach; "what be the time by thee?" and he pointed to the bunch of seals which descended from my fob. I told him.

"Dost thee keep rayle-rowad time?" was his next inquiry.

I answered in the negative.

"Ha," said he, with apparent satisfaction, "I be delighted that there's be one as don't go by those run-away ingines. All the village are a-going mad, shoving on their watches ten minutes to be by the rayle, as they say."

Here's an old "worshipper of the rust of antiquity," thought I—one of the fossil remains of the real rustic, who distrusts or despises every thing new. I'll be bound he'd sooner take three hours and travel in his own market-cart to Bristol, than be indebted to Brunel or the "rayle," as he calls it, for taking him there in one-sixth the time.

I asked him the name of his clergyman.

"Our parson?" repeated he, as if he knew him better by that title, "Mr. Clarke; and as worthy a man as ever wore a gown."

"Charitable, I suppose?"

"If he has an enemy, I'll eat un," said the rustic, closing his watch in its outer case, and dropping the old-fashioned affair into his fob; "if a man ben't a favourite who visits and helps the poor, educates their children, and knows and advises all his neighbours, why it would be hard to please us country folk."

"But you have said nothing about his preaching: how do you like him in the pulpit?"

My neighbour scratched his head, and seemed rather brought to a pause by the question. "Whoy," said he, at length, "if thee ask me what kind of a preacher he be, I like a loud preacher—one to make the old church ring agin, like Parson B., a fine speaker that knocks the dust out of our hearts and the old velvet cushion. Mr. Clarke is a good preacher for some; but I am old and getting hard o'hearing; and he goes so fast I can't always understand him, as it were, you see."

In a different style is this account of

A VISIT TO HENBURY CHURCH.

The little village, the surrounding country seats, the brook, the bridge, the old church, with its low flat tower, the picturesque gothic school close by—upon all the soft air of peace, comfort, and repose seemed to rest, reminding one of what I think Mary Howitt has said, that no other country in the world has a parallel for an English village. We crossed the pretty churchyard with its cypresses, and looking as quiet in its "russet mantle clad," as if none but those who "slept in the Lord" slept there, to the sextoness's cottage, to solicit permission to see the interior of the church. The good woman took down the key, and throwing her bonnet loosely on her head, civilly complied with our request. The "dim religious light" through the painted glass, fell with its varied but subdued hues on the little chancel, sculptured altar-screen, carpet, and communion-cloth, while a parting ray or two from the setting sun, glancing obliquely through the more western windows, lingered on one or two of the many white marble tablets that around recorded the worth of those who had gone, and the affectionate recollection of those who remained behind. A silent church is at all times a peculiarly solemn scene, but Henbury church seemed to me on this evening particularly so: all three indeed, even the sextoness, appeared to feel, I thought, the "influence" of the hour and place, and we walked noiselessly about, as if instinctively understanding each other's impressions, and unwilling to disturb either them or the holy quiet of "God's House" with the fall of our footsteps, or the sound of our own voices. The fretted roof, the long-drawn aisle, the pointed arch, and the lofty column of the cathedral, have all their awe-creating power; but the soft repose of this beautiful village church was of a different character, and had a more soothing and almost a solemn an effect, which was not at all diminished but rather

enhanced by the pretty even-song of the robin and green linnet without.

Our Church-goer is satisfied from experience that Clergymen should not be Magistrates also, if they would preserve the perfect love of their flocks. He says, speaking of the parish of Pill,

If I were a clergyman I could not bear to look at the gaunt backs of empty forms Sunday after Sunday from the pulpit. I'd go out into the highways, and almost force people to come in. Mr. Mirehouse is a magistrate, and exercises—, but stay! may not this magistracy have something to do with these empty forms? I may be called an officious old fellow for interfering with what some may say does not concern me: but as a general principle, as the phrase is, I am averse to having the magisterial and clerical character combined. It may be a weakness of mine, but such is the case. The affectionate confidence with which a flock should approach the parson is, I am of opinion, counteracted and deterred by the fear, or at least awe, with which they regard him as a justice. There is everything that is amiable, merciful, and paternal in the ideal of a country clergyman: he is the father of the parish, and there should be nothing to deter his people from seeking his advice and counsel both in sin and sorrow. Whether the terror with which in their weak minds they invest the justice, "clad in the panoply of legal power," presiding on a high bench, and punishing with earthly penalties his own parishioners, is compatible with this affectionate confidence and respectful familiarity, is a question for others: I don't think it is—I don't like the "composite order" in this respect—I don't like to see the "statutes at large" side by side with the old divines in a clergyman's library. In fact, I don't think a man can serve the Church and the Lord Chancellor, without letting what he owes to one clash with what he ought to be in the other. I know it is a sacrifice which many men do not like—this abandonment of power and authority; but if I were the vicar of Easton in Gordano, I'd throw up my commission, and see if those four hundred and eighty free sittings did not fill a little better. This and more frequent visits to the pilots and fishermen of Pill might have the desired effect.

He makes the following notes on

BERKELEY CHURCHYARD.

I walked about the churchyard for full ten minutes. I never before was in such a poetical place, at least as far as the tombstones are an evidence of the public taste: every grave has a headstone, and every headstone has nearly half-a-dozen lines of hard-earned rhyme upon it. Nearly all Pope's epitaphs are to be found here, but chipped and chopped about a good deal, so as to suit person and purpose: and as the poorest party scorns to rest in peace without a heap of poetry above his head, on the principle, I suppose, of "*Placatur carmine manes*," the original import being some time expended, many have copied, picked, and plagiarized from their neighbours. On a white stone to the west of the tower were the words—

Attend to me as you pass by.
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you may be,
Therefore prepare to follow me.

Under this, some wag, who could crack his jokes even beneath Death's head and cross-bones, has written in a bold hand, with a black-lead pencil—

To follow you I'm not content,
Unless I knew which way you went.

Nearly in the centre of the churchyard is a neat freestone altar-tomb, erected over the remains of the Earl of Suffolk's fool, with an inscription, I think (though I may be mistaken) by Swift—

Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
Some call him Dickey Pierce;
His folly served to make men laugh
When wit and mirth were scarce.
But now, alas! he's dead and gone,
What signifies to cry,
For fools enough are still behind
To laugh at by-and-bye.

Owing to my eyes not being so young as they once were, I could not make out the date: the incident in itself, however, had sufficient interest for me when I reflected that there was interred one of a race formerly found in every Baronial Hall, but long extinct.

Among our Church-goer's sketches is one of
DR. PUSEY.

That last solemn chapter of Revelations was being read when I entered—that chapter which partakes of a character at once awful and melancholy, from the warning and farewell which it seems to convey to the reader, who there takes leave of the sacred volume, and hears as it were the valedictory words of the Evangelist fall upon the ear like the parting and sublime sentences of some sacred and holy visitor. The incumbent and curate were officiating: and in a pew under the pulpit, in a plain black gown, sat the man whose name is known throughout the kingdom—arraigned on the platforms of our great cities, and pronounced with something like a supernatural sense of dread by the smallest coteries of the remotest village—one of no high and haughty bearing, however, with authority in his eye, or commanding intellect enthroned on his brow; but drooping his head meekly on his breast, he seemed rather to shrink from than challenge observation. Of all the simple people that crowded that simple church not one looked more humble or more unconscious of self, or of the stealthy or fixed glances which were directed to him from time to time by the stray comers, some of whom, I have little doubt, expected to see the celebrated Pusey (an heresiarch in the eyes at least of half the church), of some fearful outline, differing from other men in his form and visage. No horn or cloven hoof, however, protruded to reward their curiosity, and more than that, they looked in vain in his comparatively common-place and quiet face for those traits which distinguish one man above another, and externally mark that mind which pervades a sphere wider than that occupied by ordinary capacities. A stranger entering the church, on being pointed out a plain and apparently poor spirited man, would hardly believe that was the person with whose name every one has been so familiar for the last ten years, for he would vainly look, not merely for the outward and visible signs of decision, penetration, and strength of will, but for any apparent evidence of the reasoning subtlety and profound learning which were so eminently the instruments with which what are called the Oxford school worked.

And this is the description of his sermon on that occasion.

His text was taken from part of the 6th verse of the 21st chapter of Revelations. "And he said unto me, it is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end." Never before did I hear so beautifully *evangelical* a sermon as this from the man who has given a name to a party which is supposed to represent a different principle in the church. It had but one fault, it was fifteen minutes too long. Nevertheless it was listened to throughout, by that little crowded church-full, with fixed and rapt attention, though it was neither declamatory, noisy, nor eccentric; but plaintive, solemn, and subdued, breathing all through, I may say, a beauty of holiness and a Christian spirit so broad and Catholic, so deep and devotional, that while the most jealous Protestant could find nothing in it he might not approve, the most bigoted Roman Catholic could not enter an exception to a single expression that it contained. I never recollect so feelingly apposite a sermon for the close of the year—the very last week of which was then lapsing from beneath our feet. We seemed, as it were, to look back with him from an eminence in serious review upon the transactions of the year—ere it had yet passed from our sight, while ever and anon, in touching recurrence and solemn fall, came the words "*It is done*," which were every time, with some beautiful feature of novelty, illustrated and enlarged upon. He seemed, however, to love to dwell upon the sad and melancholy; and his voice, though clear and distinct, had something

mournful, and at times almost wailing, about it. The subject and the season, indeed, would seem to invite such a feeling, and at moments you could almost fancy you were hearing an office for the departing year, at the close of which, as if in mournful cadence, came the word (for in the language in which it is written it is but one word) "*It is done*." There he stood, a plain, and, to all appearances, a humble and lowly man, preaching to a simple people, and speaking with the melancholy weakness as of one stricken and tired, yet uncomplaining. The very gloom of the little church (for the four candles by which he had to read his sermon, and which were hardly sufficient to cast a faint reflection on the fixed countenances of the attentive listeners, were all the light which parochial economy could afford) seemed in keeping: yet this plain and apparently unpretending man, of mild manners and of middle years and stature, who now preached a sermon more perfectly free from controversy than ever I before heard, had himself been foremost in the greatest controversy of the age, so as to attract the eyes of the kingdom to his collegiate retirement.

Lastly, let us take this account of a man of less extended fame, but having equal influence within his sphere.

REV. FRANCIS CLOSE.

Of course no one can ever think of Cheltenham without associating the Rev. Francis Close with it. He is essentially "the Man of Cheltenham"—the genius of the place; nothing is begun without him—indeed, he generally begins everything himself; nothing is concluded without him—his consent alone gives the finishing stroke. From Pitville to Montpellier he

Doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus;

Is there a public meeting, the Rev. Francis Close is in the chair,—Is there a public topic, the Rev. Francis Close is on the platform,—Are the charity-children regaled with plum-cake and tea, you may see the firm head and broad shoulders of the Rev. Francis Close presiding amongst the fumes of flowery Pekoe, and the flocks of petticoated philanthropy,—Is there a meeting about railroads, there you find the Rev. Francis Close mightier than the spirit of locomotion itself,—Is there an occasion of public rejoicing, he orders the illumination. Is there an opposition to anything obnoxious, he commands the van. Take up any of the local journals, and the Rev. Francis Close is sure to meet the eye in every second paragraph. * * * I have heard it said that his admirers discharge his butcher's bills quarterly, which, if not idle rumour, is much to the point and purpose. This I know, however, that his friends built him a splendid house; and, instead of making it a paragon, conveyed it to him as private property for ever. Presents, besides, innumerable crowd to his doors; ladies become solicitors for the honour of enriching him; and a thousand little devices are formed by amiable dowagers for making his lot in life as equable as possible. Indeed, the atmosphere of Cheltenham seems to be favourable to the cultivation of this charitable virtue, not merely in Mr. Close's case alone, but in that of many of the clergy beside. There appears to be even a kind of rivalry amongst the congregations, each running a race with the other as to which shall most richly reward its favourite preacher: thus, for instance, Mr. Close got a house; but the Rev. Mr. Browne's hearers soon eclipsed the people of the Old Church, by giving their pastor similar accommodation, and furnishing the edifice also. * * * I will say that I was not displeased with my first glance; I rather liked his downright brusque look, for I had always associated in my mind something namby-pamby with the idea of a popular preacher. There is not a particle of the latter, however, in the Vicar of Cheltenham; he has a full open face, and a frank, fearless shaped head, firmly set, with rather a thick neck on a broad pair of shoulders: he has a stout figure to correspond, and his whole look and deportment is that of a man used to have his own way, and to lord it at least over Cheltenham: his tone and manner, too, are

those of one who is conscious of addressing people who would no more think of questioning what he said, than the Ancients would of giving the lie to the oracles of Delphi. In shape and appearance, and form of face, he reminded me of the Irish agitator, O'Connell; nor did his confident manner at all diminish the resemblance. I did not like his reading. I should not, perhaps, call it careless, but it was not impressive: he seemed as if he wished to get through this part of the service quickly, that he might the sooner come to his favourite forte, the sermon, which was, I must say, quite characteristic. After ascending the pulpit stairs with anything but a commonplace air, he put down his watch on one side of the cushion and his handkerchief on the other, and gave out his text, with singular distinctness, towards different parts of the church. Now, I have heard people say there "is nothing in the preaching" of the Vicar of Cheltenham; and I went with the full impression that I should find nothing worthy of note—or of a man of his note, at least—in the sermon. I was disappointed: he is almost as far superior to what his opponents in the church pronounce him to be, as he is inferior to the estimate which his followers form of him. He is not, it is true, a profound thinker, or a polished speaker, but he is a clear-headed, animated, active, and I should say, attractive preacher; he has great confidence and fluency, and, I suspect, a large share of shrewdness and common sense—that is, as much shrewdness and common sense as any man can have who is such a public pet, such a popular idol, amongst his own people. Indeed, the best proof that he must have a strong head, is, that it has not been turned long ago by the thousands of weak people who do little from one end of the year to the other but offer incense to his five senses. I confess I did not go greatly prepossessed in his favour; yet I as frankly admit I was much interested in his sermon. He was versatile and familiar in his style, and spoke from the pulpit like a *paterfamilias*, addressing his congregation with an air of parental authority, and the dictation of one who knew his right would not be disputed and whose word was law. There was no mawkishness—no mincing feebleness in his manner; there was, if anything, too much of the "I'm-monarch-of-all-I-survey" about both it and his matter. His colloquial passages were the coolest and easiest imaginable piece of "conversational rhetoric:" for instance, after giving a description of the worship of the Jews in their synagogues, he added, leaning familiarly over the pulpit, and sinking his voice to quite a communicative tone—"I met with this in a little work which you will do well to read: it is by one Vandrangi, a German; it is not expensive, and you'll get it at any of the booksellers in Cheltenham. Mind, inquire for Vandrangi's [I forget the title]. Vandrangi; it was published in London not long since." Upon this out flew the pencils round about me, and the title of the little work was dotted down on the blank page of every prayer book; and I'll be bound the whole edition was bought up next day. This single recommendation from the pulpit of Cheltenham Old Church was worth a dozen advertisements to the author. Did I write a book, I'd sooner have his patronage for it than that of the two Universities.

With this we close a volume over which we have been tempted to linger for a longer time than we had anticipated when we opened it. But the reader probably will not regret that we yielded to the temptation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago. Dublin: M'Glashan, 1847.

"SIXTY years ago," says the author, "we were an isolated and peculiar people, only settling down into the order of a peaceful community, after centuries of intestine commotion; Intercourse with our sister England was limited and unfrequent; few of our neighbours visited us, and we visited few of our neighbours."

A voyage to Liverpool occupied ten days, and was a matter of boast to the adventurer.

The vast strides in the direction of improvement which Ireland has made during the interval, can only be appreciated by those who look back and review what was the actual state of society sixty years since. That is the object of the little volume before us, and a curious picture it presents of a condition that scarcely deserves the name of civilized. If so much has been done within half a century past, is there any cause for alarm, much less for despondency as to the future? Ireland has made greater comparative progress than England. The lawlessness so loudly complained of is not a lapse into barbarism, but a relic, as yet unsubdued, of a condition of society that not long since was general, and not exceptional. To those who would assure themselves of this consolatory fact, we recommend the perusal of the volume on our table, which, though small, abounds in anecdotes illustrative of old Ireland before the Union, and which young Ireland should ponder well before it seeks to repeal an arrangement under which, if not by reason of which, that improvement has taken place, which can only be fairly estimated by comparing the narratives here collected with the actual state of things as they now exist. We shall glean, by way of proof, some of the most interesting of these reminiscences of *Sixty Years Ago*.

Riots were then of continual occurrence, and the most trivial causes provoked them. The college students were always prominent on such occasions, and the theatre was the favourite fighting-place. One of those here recorded shews the character of these

COLLEGE RIOTS.

On the evening of the 19th of January, 1746, a young man of the name of Kelly, a student of the University, entered the pit, much intoxicated, and climbing over the spikes of the orchestra got upon the stage, from whence he made his way to the green-room, and insulted some of the females there in the most gross and indecent manner. As the play could not proceed from his interruption, he was taken away, and civilly conducted back to the pit; here he seized a basket of oranges, and amused himself with pelting the performers. Mr. Sheridan was then manager, and he was the particular object of his abuse and attack. He was suffered to retire with impunity, after interrupting the performance, and disturbing the whole house. Unsatisfied by this attack, he returned a few nights after, with fifty of his associates, gownsmen and others. They rushed towards the stage, to which they made their way through the orchestra, and across the lights. Here they drew their swords, and then marched into the dressing-rooms, in search of Mr. Sheridan, to sacrifice him to their resentment. Not finding him, they thrust the points of their weapons through chests and clothes-presses, and every place where a man might be concealed—and this they facetiously called *feeling* for him. He had fortunately escaped; but the party proceeded in a body to his house in Dorset-street, with the murderous determination of stabbing him, declaring with the conspirator in "Venice Preserved," "each man might kill his share." For several nights they assembled at the theatre, exciting riots, and acting scenes of the same kind, till the patience of the manager and the public was exhausted. He then, with spirit and determination, proceeded legally against them. Such was the ascendancy of rank, and the terror those "bucks" inspired, that the general opinion was, it would be impossible that any jury could find a gentleman guilty of an assault upon a player. A barrister in court had remarked with a sneer, that he had never seen a "gentleman player." "Then, sir," said Sheridan, "I hope you see one now." Kelly was found guilty of a violent assault, sentenced to pay a fine of five

hundred pounds, and, to the surprise and dismay of all his gentlemen associates, sent to Newgate.

The streets of Dublin were without a police. Even at night there was no watch till 1723, when an Act required the parishes to appoint "honest men and good Protestants" to be night watches. Wild young men associated in clubs for purposes of violence, and were known by such names as "The Bucks," "The Mohawks," and "The Chalkers," the latter being a more brutal imitation of the former by the vulgar. But "the Bucks" are famous for their oddities as well as for their atrocities. These are two

ECCENTRICITIES OF "THE BUCKS."

Colonel St. Leger (pronounced Sallenger) was a large man, handsome and well made, and particularly acceptable to the society of the Castle during the vicereignty of the Duke of Rutland, and was a devoted admirer of the beautiful duchess, taking all occasions to display his gallantry, sometimes in the most extravagant manner. Seeing her grace wash her hands and mouth one day after dinner, he called immediately for the glass, and, standing up, drank to the bottom the contents. "St. Leger," said the duke, "you are in luck; her grace washes her feet to-night, and you shall have another goblet after supper." The feat of another gentleman, who proposed a bet of a considerable sum that he would proceed to Jerusalem, play ball against its walls, and return in a given time, is well known in Dublin, and obtained the enterprising challenger a sobriquet by which he was ever afterwards universally known. His name was "Whaley," and to the hour of his death, which occurred recently, he was called "Jerusalem Whaley."

Duelling was a universal practice, and it prevailed more especially among the lawyers. A barrister required to be at least as ready at a pistol-shot as at a point of law. A few instances are collected.

LAWYER DUELLISTS.

It was no unusual thing for two opposite counsel to fall out in court in discussing a legal point, retire to a neighbouring field to settle it with pistols, and then return to court to resume their business in a more peaceable manner. Such an instance occurred at the assizes of Waterford. Keller and Egan fell out on a point of law, and both retired from court. They crossed the river Suir in a ferry-boat, to gain the county of Kilkenny. Harry Hayden, a large man, and a justice of peace for the county, when he heard of it, hastened to the spot, and got in between them just as they were preparing to fire. They told him to get out of the way or they would shoot him, and then break every bone in his body. He declared his authority as a justice of the peace. They told him if he was St. Peter from heaven they would not mind him. They exchanged shots without effect, and then returned to court. The cause of their absence was generally understood, and they found the bench, jury, and spectators quietly expecting to hear which of them was killed. Fitzgibbon, the Attorney-General, who was afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clare, fought with Curran, afterwards Master of the Rolls, with enormous pistols, twelve inches long. Scott, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench and Earl of Clonmel, fought Lord Tyrrawly on some affair about his wife, and afterwards with the Earl of Llandaff, about his sister, and with several others, on miscellaneous subjects, and with various weapons, swords, and pistols. Metge, Baron of the Exchequer, fought with his own brother-in-law, and two other antagonists. Patterson, Justice of the Common Pleas, fought three country gentlemen, and wounded them all; one of the duels was with small swords. Toler, Lord Norbury, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, fought "fighting Fitzgerald," and several others. So distinguished was Mr. Toler for his deeds in this way, that he was always the man depended on by the administration to frighten a member of the opposition—and so rapid was his promotion in consequence, that it was said he *shot up* into preferment.

Among the distinguished duellists was PAT POWER, of whom many anecdotes are preserved. We take one.

PAT POWER AND THE WATCH.

When travelling in England, he had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room when Power entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners at this time on the English stage, was a tissue of ignorance, blunders, and absurdities, and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage, he was always supposed to have the characteristics of his class, and so to be a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman's compliments, and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person that sent it; he pointed out one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols and follow him. He put them under his arm, and with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box, and presenting the watch, begged to know to whom it belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own old silver one from his fob, and presented it to his servant, desiring him to keep it; and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the company he would keep it safe till called for. It never was claimed.

Another *Institution* shews the state of society in Ireland sixty years since. Abduction of heiresses was a regular branch of business. Abduction clubs were formed among the young men, and gave rise to a law of the utmost severity. This is the account of

THE ABDUCTION CLUBS.

This association was "an abduction club," the members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist in carrying off such young women as were fixed upon by any members. They had emissaries and confederates in every house, who communicated information of particulars—the extent of the girl's fortune, the state and circumstances of the family, with details of their intentions and domestic arrangements and movements. When a girl was thus pointed out, the members drew lots, but more generally tossed up for her, and immediate measures were taken to secure her for the fortunate man by all the rest. No class of society was exempt from their visits, and opulent farmers, as well as the gentry, were subject to these engagements of the clubs, according to their rank in life. The persons who were most usually concerned in such clubs were a class of men abounding in Ireland, called "squireens." They were the younger sons or connexions of respectable families, having little or no patrimony of their own, but who scorned to demean themselves by any useful or profitable pursuit. They are described by Arthur Young, and other writers of the day, as distinguished in fairs and markets, races and assizes, by appearing in red waistcoats, lined with narrow lace or fur, tight leather breeches and top-boots, riding "a bit of blood," lent or given them from the stables of their opulent connexions.

Drinking was carried to a frightful excess—

Sir W. Petty, who wrote in the year 1682, when Dublin contained but 6,025 houses, states 1,200 of them were public-houses, where intoxicating liquors were sold. In 1798, in Thomas-street, nearly every third house was a public-house. The street contained 190 houses, and of these fifty-two were licensed to sell spirits. Among the upper classes the great consumption was claret, and so extensive was its importation, that in the year 1763, it amounted to 8,000 tuns, and the bottles alone were estimated at the value of 67,000*l*.

Sir JONAH BARRINGTON relates two anecdotes that deserve to be cited.

IRISH CONVIVIALITY SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

Near to the kennel of his father's hounds was

built a small lodge; to this was rolled a hog's head of claret, a carcase of beef was hung up against the wall, a kind of ante-room was filled with straw, as a kennel for the company, when inclined to sleep, and all the windows were closed, to shut out the light of day. Here nine gentlemen, who excelled in various convivial qualities, were enclosed on a frosty St. Stephen's day, accompanied by two pipers and a fiddler, with two couple of hounds, to join in the chorus raised by the guests. Among the sports introduced was a cock-fight, in which twelve game-cocks were thrown on the floor, who fought together till only one remained alive, who was declared the victor. Thus, for seven days, the party were shut in, till the cow was declared cut up, and the claret on the stoop, when the last gallon was mulled with spices, and drank in tumblers to their next merry meeting. The same writer describes a party given in an unfinished room, the walls of which were recently plastered, and the mortar soft. At ten on the following morning some friends entered to pay a visit, and they found the company fast asleep, in various positions, some on chairs, and some on the floor among empty bottles, broken plates and dishes, bones and fragments of meat floated in claret, with a kennel of dogs devouring them. On the floor lay the piper, on his back, apparently dead, with the table-cloth thrown over him for a shroud, and six candles placed round him, burned down to the sockets. Two of the company had fallen asleep, with their heads close to the soft wall; the heat and light of the room, after eighteen hours' carousal, had caused the plaster to set and harden, so that the heads of the men were firmly incorporated with it. It was necessary, with considerable difficulty, to punch out the mass with an oyster-knife, giving much pain to the parties, by the loss of half their hair and a part of the scalp.

Executions were frequent, and were vastly more brutalizing and disgusting exhibitions even than they were, and are still, in England. What a picture is this of

AN IRISH HANGMAN.

We may mention, in passing, that one circumstance which contributed to the strange contradiction exhibited at an Irish execution, turning that awful scene into an opportunity for merriment and jest, was the character and dress of the hangman. That functionary was generally disguised in a fantastic manner, very ill suited to the occasion. On his face he wore a grotesque mask, and on his back an enormous hump, in the whole resembling Punch in the puppet-show. The original design of this apparent levity was to protect the executioner by the disguise, and it was in some degree necessary. The use he made of the hump was curious. It was formed of a large wooden bowl-dish, laid between his shoulders, and covered with his clothes. When the criminal was turned off, and the "dusting of the scrag-boy" began, the hangman was assailed, not merely with shouts and curses, but often with showers of stones. To escape the latter, he ducked down his head, and opposed his hump as a shield, from which the missiles rebounded with a force that shewed how soon his skull would have been fractured if exposed to them. After some antics, the finisher of the law dived among the sheriff's attendants, and disappeared. This grotesque figure, surrounded by two or more human beings, struggling in the awful agonies of a violent and horrible death, was regarded by the mob as presenting a funny and jocular contrast. Many anecdotes are recorded of the levity of hangmen eminent in their day. The last and most notorious of the craft was "Tom Galvin." He is not very long dead, and in his old age was often visited at Kilmainham jail by persons who indulged a morbid curiosity to see him and the rope with which he had hanged most of his own nearest relations. One of his practical facetiæ was to slip the rope silly round a visitor's neck, and give it a sudden chuck, which would nearly cause the sensation of strangling. He was brutally unfeeling in the discharge of his horrid duty, and when a reprieve would come to some wretch whose hanging he anticipated, he would almost cry with disappointment at the loss of his fee, and say, "it

is a hard thing to be taking the bread out of the mouth of an old man like me!" He was always impatient at any delay made by the convict. When the wretched Jemmy O'Brien was about to be executed, he exhibited the greatest terror, and lingered over his devotions, to protract his life thus for a few moments. Galvin's address to him is well known. He called out at the door, so as to be heard by all the by-standers, as well as the criminal, "Mr. O'Brien, jewel, *long life* to you, make haste wid your prayers; de people is getting tired under the swing-swong."

We conclude with the melancholy story of

M'NAGHTON AND MISS KNOX.

On the Derry side of the Foyle, and about two miles from the city, is Prehen, the seat of the Knoxes. It is highly wooded, and covers a considerable tract, descending to the river, and overhanging the broad expanse of water in this place with its dark shade. The circumstance which marked its ancient owners with affliction is of such a character as to correspond with the gloom that pervades its aspect; and no traveller passes it without many reflections on the sad event which happened there. John M'Naghtan was a native of Derry. His father was an opulent merchant, who gave his son all the advantages of a most liberal education. He graduated in Trinity College, Dublin; but having inherited from his uncle a large estate, which precluded the necessity of engaging in any profession, he commenced a career of dissipation, then too common in Ireland. He married early, but his extravagance soon involved him in such distress that he was arrested by the sheriff, in his own parlour, for a considerable debt, in the presence of his pregnant wife. The shock was fatal. She was seized with premature labour, and both wife and child perished. Being a man of address and ability, he was appointed to a lucrative situation in the revenue by the then Irish government, and in the course of his duty contracted an intimacy with the family of Mr. Knox, of Prehen, whose daughter, a lovely and amiable girl, was entitled to a large fortune, independent of her father. To her M'Naghtan paid assiduous court, and as she was too young at the time to marry, he obtained a promise from her to become his bride in two years. When the circumstance was made known to her father, he interdicted it in the most decided manner, and forbade M'Naghtan's visits to his house. This was represented as so injurious to M'Naghtan's character, that the good-natured old man was persuaded again to permit his intimacy with his family, under the express stipulation that he should think no more of his daughter. One day the lovers found themselves alone, with no companion but a little boy, when M'Naghtan took from his pocket a prayer-book, and read himself the marriage ceremony, prevailing on Miss Knox to answer the responses—which she did, adding to each, "provided my father consent." Of this ceremony M'Naghtan immediately availed himself; and, when he next met her at the house of a mutual friend, openly claimed her as his wife. Again he was forbidden the house by the indignant father. He then published an advertisement in all the newspapers, declaring the young lady was married to him. By a process, however, in the spiritual court, the pretended marriage was entirely set aside.

In the course of these proceedings, M'Naghtan wrote a threatening letter to one of the judges of the court of delegates, and, it was said, lay in wait to have him murdered when he came on circuit, but fortunately missed him in consequence of the judge's taking a different road. The result was, that M'Naghtan was obliged to fly to England. But here his whole mind was bent on obtaining possession of his wife: so at all hazards he returned, and lay concealed in the woods of Prehen. Warning of this circumstance had been communicated to her father, but he seemed to despise it. There was, however, a blacksmith, whose wife had nursed Miss Knox, and he, with the known attachment of such a connexion in Ireland, always followed his foster-daughter, as her protector, whenever she ventured abroad. To detach his daughter from this unfortu-

nate connexion, Mr. Knox resolved to leave the country, and introduce her to the society of the metropolis; and in the beginning of November, 1761, prepared to set out for Dublin. M'Naghtan and a party of his friends having information of his intention, repaired to a cabin a little distance from the road, with a sack full of fire-arms. From hence one of the party was despatched to the house of an old woman who lived by the way-side, under the pretence of buying some yarn, to wait for the coming up of Mr. Knox's carriage. When it did arrive, the woman pointed it out, named the travellers it contained, and described the position in which they sat. They were Mr. Knox, his wife, his daughter, and a maid-servant. It was attended by but one servant, and the smith before mentioned. The scout immediately ran before, and communicated to M'Naghtan the information he had received. The carriage was instantly surrounded by him and three other men. M'Naghtan and one of his accomplices fired at the smith, whom they did not kill, but totally disabled. The blinds of the carriage were now close drawn, that the persons inside might not be recognised. M'Naghtan rode up to it, and either by accident or design discharged a heavily-loaded blunderbuss into it at random. A shriek was heard inside. The blind was let down, and Mr. Knox discharged his pistol at the assassin. At the same moment another was fired from behind a stack of turf, by the servant who had concealed himself there. Both shots took effect in the body of M'Naghtan. He was, however, held on his horse by his associates, who rode off with him. The carriage was then examined. Miss Knox was found dead, weltering in her blood. On the first alarm, she had thrown her arm about her father's neck, to protect him, and so received the contents of the murderer's fire-arms. Five balls of the blunderbuss had entered her body, leaving the other three persons in the carriage with her unhurt and untouched by this random shot.

The country was soon alarmed, and a reward of five hundred pounds offered for the apprehension of the murderers. A company of light horse scoured the district, and amongst other places were led to search the house of a farmer named Wenslow. The family denied all knowledge of M'Naghtan, and the party were leaving the house when the corporal said to one of his companions, in the hearing of a countryman who was digging potatoes, that the discoverer would be entitled to a reward of three hundred pounds. The countryman immediately pointed to a hay-loft, and the corporal running up a ladder, burst open the door, and discovered M'Naghtan lying in the hay. Notwithstanding his miserably wounded state, he made a desperate resistance, but was ultimately taken and lodged in Lifford gaol. Some of his accomplices were arrested soon after. They were tried before a special commission at Lifford, and one of them was received as king's evidence. M'Naghtan was brought into court wrapped in a blanket, and laid on a table in the dock, not being able to support himself in any other position. Notwithstanding acute pain and exceeding debility, he defended himself with astonishing energy and acuteness. A singular trait of Irish feeling occurred in the course of the trial. One of his followers implicated in the outrage, named Dunlap, was a faithful and attached fellow, and his master evinced more anxiety to save his life than his own. As a means of doing so, he disclaimed all knowledge of his person: "Oh, master, dear," said the poor fellow beside him in the dock, "is this the way you are going to disown me after all?"

On the day of execution, M'Naghtan was so weak as to be supported in the arms of attendants. He evinced the last testimony of his regard to the unfortunate young lady he had murdered, of whom he was passionately fond, and whom he mourned as his wife. The cap which covered his face was bound with black; his jacket was trimmed with black, having black jet buttons, with large black buckles in his shoes. When lifted up the ladder, he exerted all his remaining strength to throw himself off, and with such force that the rope broke, and he fell gasping to the ground. As he was a man of daring enterprise and profuse bounty, he was highly

popular, and the crowd made a lane for him to escape, and attempted to assist him. He declined their aid, and declared he would not live; he called to his follower, Dunlap, for the rope which was round his neck, the knot of which was slipped and placed round his own. Again he was assisted up the ladder, and collecting all his energies, he flung himself off and died without a struggle. His unfortunate but faithful follower stood by wringing his hands, as he witnessed the sufferings of his dear master, and earnestly desired that his own execution might be hastened, that he might soon follow him and die by the same rope.

It will appear from these extracts how interesting is the volume from which they are only a scanty gleanings.

Sports, Pastimes, and Customs of London, Ancient and Modern. With Illustrative Anecdotes, &c. &c. &c. 12mo. London: Cradock and Co.

A SMALL book may have a great purpose; and because such is the case with the work before us we devote to it attention and space commensurate with our idea of its value. There can be no doubt that it is to the untiring industry, the dogged spirit of perseverance which characterise us as a people, that the opulence, stability, power, and grandeur of this kingdom are due. Yet, desirable as these things are, they may be, and it is to be feared they are, purchased at too dear a rate; and that the very end of this severe application and devotion to business is less fully achieved than it would be if something more of relaxation were indulged in. The vulgar saying—

All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy.

has common sense and truth to recommend it; and there is little doubt that if freer recourse were had to recreation in the open air, the mental and physical energies of the people, thus recruited, would be capable of greater things, and more productive of desirable results than in their present state of high pressure and continual tension is possible.

There are, we apprehend, few readers of THE CRITIC unfamiliar with STRUTT'S charming and refreshing book upon the sports and pastimes of the English; to those few we recommend it. There is scarcely a library in the country in which a copy may not be found; and we promise the readers who adopt this recommendation that they will find its pages as entertaining and vastly more instructive than a romance. It should be remembered, too, that to an unfinished novel by STRUTT, which embodied not a few of these amusements, the master genius of fiction, Sir WALTER SCOTT, attributes his having been induced to enter upon that field of literature in which he has so far excelled all others. To *Strutt's Sports and Pastimes*, the compiler of the pleasant little book before us stands largely indebted. He has, however, been diligent in ransacking other authors, and has collected and strung together with much judgment a variety of interesting details, historical, descriptive, and particular, some of which we transfer to these columns for the amusement and instruction of the reader. The following is a neatly abridged

HISTORY OF BRITISH PASTIMES.

With the relaxations and pastimes of the ancient Britons we are unacquainted, but as their religion, like that of the early Greeks and Romans, was a savage superstition, delighting in human sacrifices, it may be inferred that their sports and games were of an equally ferocious character. However, there can be no doubt that in imitation of their Roman conquerors, they partially adopted paganism, and introduced many classical customs, sports, and

holidays. And those had not entirely disappeared when the Saxon conquest effected a total change in the laws and government of England, which, having driven the subdued Britons into their fastnesses, they may be said, in a great measure, to have re-peopled. In addition to their natural love for hunting and other robust exercises, the Saxons appear to have inherited from their German ancestors an immoderate attachment to gaming, the only vice, unaccountable as the fact may be, which seems to exercise an equal influence over the most barbarous and the most civilised nations. After dice, chess and backgammon appear to have been the most favourite sedentary amusements of the Saxons and Danes,—amusements in which the inhabitants of London, as well as of the kingdom at large, extensively participated. At length, Christianity dawned upon the land, and with its thousand blessings meliorated the condition of the people. Even the feasts, processions, shows, spectacles, mysteries, moralities, mummeries, and all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance" of the Roman Catholic worship, exercised a beneficial influence in winning over, or attaching to religion, the illiterate masses amongst whom they were first instituted and practised. These were the precursors of better and brighter days. And then came the Norman Conquest, which occasioned two striking changes in the sports and pastimes that were prevalent at the close of the Saxon era, by restricting the privileges of the chase, and by establishing the game-laws. But, take it for all and all, the descent of William the Norman proved a blessing of no mean value to the country. "The transfusion of the rich Norman blood into our veins improved the breed. Additional physical strength, additional courage—physical or moral—the Normans could not give us; but by their introduction and spread of literature and the polite arts, they polished, refined, and heightened our national character, and made us what we are—made us better than they themselves had ever been. The intermixture of the two races produced an infinite improvement upon both."

Another remarkable change in our sports and pastimes, occasioned by the descent of the Normans, was the introduction of tournaments and jousts, with all the splendid and exciting observances of chivalry, which, though they bore the visible impress of war, were decidedly of a civilizing character, and even ennobling in their general tendency. Under these influences, and those of female society, the mind began to be cultivated as well as the powers of the body; and the manners of those times experienced a sensible improvement by an infusion of incipient politeness and urbanity. Indeed, when such qualities are found to distinguish the upper classes, fashion, and an inherent love of imitation will soon cause them to penetrate, more or less extensively, into those of a lower grade. Accordingly, the sons of citizens and yeomen, especially the young Londoners, as has been amply shewn in some of the preceding pages, affected to adopt, in all their sports and pastimes, the martial exercises and usages of chivalry. In this country the decline of chivalry may be dated from the conflict of the Roses, which had too much of the reality of war to leave much time for the exercise of its mockery. Henry VIII. proud of his physical strength and agility, and passionately fond of display, gave a new impetus—a temporary fashion—to military pastimes and athletic sports. According to Hall, his biographer, "even after his accession to the throne, he continued daily to amuse himself in archery, casting of the bar, wrestling, or dancing, and frequently in tilting, tourneying, fighting at the barriers with swords and battle-axes, and such like martial recreations." But these, we are told, "were not practised to the exclusion of intellectual pursuits; for he spent his leisure time in playing at the recorders, flute, and virginals, in setting of songs, singing, and making of ballads." But the amusements of the court and nobility, and subsequently of the people, gradually assumed a more subdued aspect. Thus we find, in the "Itinerary of Fynes Morison," published in 1617, the following notice of the sports and relaxations of Charles, Lord Mountjoy:—"He delighted in study, in gardens, in riding on a pad to take the air, in

playing at shovelboard, at cards, and in reading of play-books for recreation, and especially in fishing and fishponds, seldom using any other exercises, and using these rightly as pastimes, only for a short and convenient time, and with great variety of change from one to the other." Something of a milksop, by-the-bye, his lordship certainly appears to have been; at all events, one not likely to have incurred the risk of strangulation for "setting the Thames on fire."

James the First's notions on these points were of a more manly stamp than might have been expected. In a set of "Rules" which he drew up, and addressed to his eldest son, Henry Prince of Wales, we find the following instructions respecting amusements:—"From this court I debarre all rough and violent exercises; as the foote-ball, meter for laming than making able the users thereof; as likewise such tumbling tricks as only serve for comedians and balladines to win their bread with; but the exercises that I would have you to use, although but moderately, not making a craft of them, are running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, dancing, and playing at the catch or tennis, archerie, palle-malle, and such like other fair and pleasant field games. And the honourablest and most recommendable games that yee can use on horseback, and especially such as may teach you to handle your arms thereon, such as the tilt, the ring, and low-riding for the handling of your sword. I cannot omit here the hunting, namely, with running houndes, which is the most honourable and noblest sort thereof; for it is a thievish sort of hunting to shoote with gunnes and bowes; and greyhound hunting is not so martial a game. As for hawking, I condemn it not, but I must praise it more sparingly, because it neither resembleth the wars so neere as hunting, and is more uncertain and subject to mischances; and, which is worst of all, is there-through an extreme stirrer up of the passions. As for sitting or house pastimes, since they may at times supply the rooms which, being empty, would be potent to pernicious idleness, I will not, therefore, agree with the curiosity of some learned men of our age, in forbidding cards, dice, and such like games of hazard: when it is foul or stormy weather, then, I say, may yee lawfully play at the cardes or tables; for, as to dicing, I think it becometh best deboshed souldiers to play it on the heads of their drums, being only ruled by hazard, and subject to knavish cogging; and as for the chesse, I think it overfonde, because it is overwise and philosophicke folly." During and subsequently to the civil wars of the time of Charles the First, when the Puritans had gained the ascendancy, the sports and pleasures of all classes, especially the lower, were lamentably crushed. All the theatres and public gardens were closed; and a war of extermination was carried on against may-poles, wakes, fairs, organs, fiddles, dancing, Whitsun-ales, puppet-shows, &c. Under these proceedings the national mind received a saturnine stamp, which, notwithstanding the burst of licentiousness and demoralization that disgraced the return and reign of the heartless profligate, Charles the Second, has to this day prevented it from recovering its natural and healthful tone.

The subjoined sketch of the history and descriptive particulars of the games chiefly indulged in by the Londoners, will be found interesting:—

The diversion of *horse-racing*, for which the English have been for ages renowned, is believed to have been introduced into this country by the Romans, who are also supposed to have established regular courses at York and Chester. Fitz-Stephen, in his curious description of London, as it existed in the time of Henry II. presents a most graphic view of Smithfield-market at that period. "Every Friday," says he, unless it should happen to be one of the more solemn festivals, there is a celebrated rendezvous of fine horses, brought thither to be sold. Thither come, either to look or to buy, a great number of persons resident in the city—earls, barons, knights, and a swarm of citizens." After noticing the different kinds of horses, especially "the more valuable hackneys and charging steeds,

beautiful in shape, noble of stature, with ears and necks erect, and plump buttocks," he proceeds to give what is thought to be the earliest description extant of a horse-race in England. "When a race is to be run by this sort of horses, and, perhaps, by others which also in their kind are strong and fleet, a shout is immediately raised, and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way. Three jockies, sometimes only two, according as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest (such as, being used to ride, know how to manage the horses with judgment): the grand point is, to prevent a competitor from getting before them. The horses, on their parts, are not without emulation: they tremble, are impatient, and are continually in motion; and at last, the signal once given, they strike, devour the course, hurrying along with unremitting velocity. The jockies, inspired with the thoughts of applause, and the hopes of victory, clap spurs to the willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries." Public courses were at length established in various parts of the kingdom. Towards the end of the reign of Charles I. races were held in Hyde-park; but, from the subsequent troubles, as well as through the confusion attending the contiguity of the course to a populous capital, were afterwards discontinued. George IV. in his younger days, was greatly attached to this sport, and had one of the finest studs of horses ever collected.

Foot racing, though one of the most ancient exercises known, and in the middle ages considered as an essential part of a young man's education—especially if he were the son of a man of rank, and intended for the military profession—is now but little encouraged; seldom occurring, indeed, but with a view to betting, when the racers are generally paid for their performance.

The game of *Foot-ball* is so called, because the ball is driven about with the feet instead of the hands. Its origin is unknown; but it is thought to have been one of the usual amusements of the populace, as early as the reign of Henry II.; and that Fitz-Stephen alluded to it, amongst other games at ball, in his notice of the sports of the London citizens about that period.—"At shrovetide, after dinner," says he, "all the youths of the city go into the fields to play at ball. The scholars of every school have their balls; and the teachers also, that train up others to feats and exercises, have each of them their ball." The common foot-ball is nothing more than an inflated bladder; but that of regular players is a bladder covered with leather, which opposes a more certain resistance to thorns and prickles, and is of course far more durable.

Trap-ball, so named from the trap which is used to elevate the ball when it is to be stricken by the batsman, is a good game if well played—which it seldom is. It is of a date anterior to that of cricket, and probably coeval with most of the early games played with the bat and ball.

The manly and truly noble game of *Cricket* is believed to be of Saxon origin; though Strutt, in his *Sports and Pastimes*, considering it to have been formed on the ancient game of club-ball, states that he can find no record of it, under its present designation, beyond the commencement of the last century, when it occurs in one of the songs published by Tom D'Urfey. In spirit the game is thoroughly English—the pride and glory not only of the London *athleta*, but those of all England. It has been well observed that "a man who is essentially stupid will not make a fine cricketer; neither will he who is not essentially active." The first four lines of the old ballad, "Of a noble race was Shenkin," ran thus:—

Her was the prettiest fellow,
At foot-ball or at cricket;
At hunting chase, or nimble race,
How feately her could prick it.

In "The Laws of Cricket, revised at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, on February 25, 1774, by a committee of noblemen and gentlemen," the rules and directions are prefaced by a woodcut of the bat then in use, by which it appears that it was curved, and the face flat. The modern bat is not only perfectly straight, but its face is convex. Perhaps the best information in every point relating to the game,

may be derived from a little work entitled, *The Young Cricketer's Tutor*, by John Nyren, who was for many years a player in the celebrated old Hambledon Club.

Prisoners' Base (Bars, or Bays), though formerly much practised, has fallen into disuse—at least in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. So far back as the reign of Edward III. it was spoken of as a childish amusement, and prohibited to be played in the avenues of the palace at Westminster, during the sessions of Parliament, because of the interruption it occasioned to the members and others in passing to and fro as their business required. Shakspeare, too, speaks of it as a game practised by the boys. It is, however, an athletic game, and was unquestionably played by men. "About 1770," observes Strutt, "I saw a grand match at base played in the fields behind Montague House, now the British Museum, by twelve gentlemen of Cheshire against twelve of Derbyshire, for a considerable sum of money, which afforded much entertainment to the spectators." The game, which consists chiefly of running, and presents much variety, is well described by Strutt.

The author just named has devoted much space in his "Sports and Pastimes" to the *Quintain*, originally a military exercise of great antiquity, and formerly much practised by the Londoners. The sport is understood to have received its name from *Quincus*, or *Quintas*, the inventor; but who he was, or at what period he lived, is unknown. Antecedent to jousts and tournaments, the quintain appears to have been originally nothing more than the trunk of a tree, or a post, set up for the practice of tyros in chivalry. Subsequently, "a staff or spear was fixed in the earth, and a shield being hung upon it, was the mark to strike at: the dexterity of the performer consisted in smiting the shield in such a manner as to break the ligatures and bear it to the ground. In process of time, this diversion was improved, and instead of the staff and the shield, the resemblance of a human figure carved in wood was introduced. To render the appearance of this figure more formidable, it was generally made in the likeness of a Turk or a Saracen armed at all points, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club or a sabre with his right. The quintain thus fashioned was placed upon a pivot, and so contrived as to move round with facility. In running at this figure it was necessary for the horseman to direct his lance with great adroitness, and make his stroke upon the forehead between the eyes, or upon the nose, for if he struck wide of those parts, especially upon the shield, the quintain turned about with much velocity, and, in case he was not exceedingly careful, would give him a severe blow upon the back with the wooden sabre held in the right hand, which was considered as highly disgraceful to the performer, while it excited the laughter and ridicule of the spectators." There were many modifications of the quintain, though all essentially upon the same principle. It was not confined to the exercise of young warriors on horseback, but was also an object of practice for those on foot, by which they were enabled to acquire strength and skill in assaulting an enemy with their swords, spears, and battle-axes.

Matthew Paris relates that, in the reign of Henry the Third, A.D. 1254, "the young Londoners, who were expert horsemen, assembled together to run at the quintain, and set up a peacock as a reward for the best performer. The king then keeping his court at Westminster, some of his domestics came into the city to see the pastime, where they behaved in a very disorderly manner, and treated the Londoners with much insolence, calling them cowardly knaves and rascally clowns, which the Londoners resented by beating them soundly. The king, however, was incensed at the indignity put upon his servants, and not taking into consideration the provocation on their parts, fined the city 1,000 marks."

Stow, in his *Survey of London*, after relating the above particulars, observes, that "this exercise of running at the quintain was practised in London, as well in the summer as in the winter, but especially at the feast of Christmas. I have seen," he continues, "a quintain set up on Cornhill, by Lead-

hall, where the attendants of the lords of merry disports have run and made great pastime; for he that hit not the board end of the quintain was laughed to scorn, and he that hit it full, if he rode not the faster, had a sound blow upon his neck, with a bag full of sand hanged on the other end."

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The Life of William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, Major-General in the Army of the United States, during the Revolution, with selections from his Correspondence. By his Grandson, WILLIAM ALEXANDER DUEB, LL.D. Published for the New Jersey Historical Society, by Wiley and Putnam. New York, 1847. 8vo. pp. 272.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

ON the morning of the 11th of September, the British army got in motion to attempt crossing the river, and skirmishing commenced. CORNWALLIS had been detached from the left of the British up the bank of the Brandywine, and had crossed it at the Forks, without opposition. WASHINGTON immediately detached Generals SULLIVAN, STIRLING, and STEPHEN to oppose this column under CORNWALLIS, with whom was Sir WILLIAM HOWE, in person. STIRLING'S and STEPHEN'S divisions formed on favourable ground, having both flanks covered with wood, and the artillery judiciously posted. SULLIVAN'S troops, having made a longer circuit, had not had time to form, when the British commenced their attack with great impetuosity. The American column made a spirited resistance; but the right wing being in some disorder, was obliged to give way. SULLIVAN succeeded in rallying his command, but being briskly charged, it again gave way, and the flank of the column being thus exposed, the remainder of the line began to waver. SULLIVAN, left behind by his flying troops, joined those who continued to resist, and throwing himself, with STIRLING, and LAFAYETTE, personally into the conflict, made a stand until our forces were completely broken, and the enemy were within twenty yards of them; then, taking refuge in the woods, they succeeded in rejoining their routed followers. LAFAYETTE was wounded, but SULLIVAN and STIRLING escaped unhurt.

WASHINGTON soon after pressed forward, with GREENE, to the succour of this column; but finding it broken, he succeeded in covering its retreat, and checking the advance of the British. The remainder of HOWE'S army having crossed the Brandywine, WASHINGTON retreated to Chester, and on the following day to Philadelphia. He again offered battle to the British army, and the action had commenced, when a heavy rain coming on, it was suspended. WASHINGTON then continued his retreat to Skippack, and the British took possession of Philadelphia, from which, notwithstanding their superior force, WASHINGTON had kept them out an entire month since their landing at Elk river.

HOWE having extended the cantonments of the British army, WASHINGTON thought the moment favourable for attacking the portion of it which lay in Germantown. STIRLING was to command the reserve, consisting of the brigades of NASH and MAXWELL. At seven in the evening, the various corps began their march, and falling upon the British advanced parties by surprise, routed them with little difficulty. The plan was well concerted; but an unusually thick fog prevented the Americans from distinguishing friend from foe, occasioned them to lose their way in some instances, and threw every thing into confusion. A very determined and successful resistance was also made by a party of British troops which occupied CHEW'S house, a stone building of such strength as to resist a cannonade. The attack failed, therefore, in its main object. The reserve under Lord STIRLING appears to have been actively engaged, General NASH, who formed part of it, having been among the slain.

Soon after, WASHINGTON called a council of his generals, to consider the question of an attack on Philadelphia. Eleven of them were opposed to the attack, and four in favour of it. STIRLING, in

behalf of this minority, prepared an able plan for attacking Philadelphia at daylight. But the experiment was deemed too hazardous, considering the weakness of our own, and the strength of the British army, and our troops soon after went into winter-quarters at Valley Forge.

Just before this period, the American arms had gained a great triumph on the banks of the Hudson by the capitulation of the entire army of BURGoyNE to the forces under General GATES. The successful commander, who, besides being favoured by fortune and the errors of the enemy, had conducted himself with ability, immediately became an object of admiration to the whole country. Many were in favour of placing the whole army under his command, instead of leaving it under the more cautious guidance of WASHINGTON, who, though he had shewn that he could act with great decision and vigour when there was a fair prospect of success, was yet unwilling to hazard the liberties of his country by exposing an ill-provided and imperfectly disciplined army in frequent combats with superior numbers. This opinion had its favourers even in Congress. But the army, estimating WASHINGTON at his full worth, with two or three exceptions, was decidedly in his favour. General CONWAY, an Irishman, educated in France, had come with other foreigners to America to seek advancement in our army. He had been made a brigadier-general, but not having won any distinction in this rank, and having excited WASHINGTON'S distrust, he became his secret enemy, and exerted himself to disparage his proceedings. With him originated the secret scheme to substitute GATES for WASHINGTON, known as the "Conway cabal," which was brought to the knowledge of WASHINGTON through the instrumentality of STIRLING. Colonel JAMES WILKINSON, aide-de-camp of GATES, being on his way with despatches to Congress, then sitting at York in Pennsylvania, stopped at STIRLING'S head-quarters at Reading, and having dined with him repeated to Major McWILLIAMS, an aid of STIRLING, the following passage from a letter of CONWAY to GATES:—"Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors have ruined it." Major McWILLIAMS considered it his duty to disclose this communication to STIRLING, who in turn felt bound by public duty as well as by private friendship to make it known to WASHINGTON. He immediately did so, with the remark, "Such wicked duplicity I shall always consider it my duty to detect."

This led to a correspondence between WASHINGTON, GATES, and CONWAY, and subsequently between STIRLING and WILKINSON. Rumours respecting it got abroad, and public sentiment was so aroused against the conspirators, that they were compelled to abandon their ambitious projects. A part of the rancour of these disappointed men was naturally enough directed against STIRLING. An attempt was made to disparage him for an imputed violation of the laws of hospitality, by imparting to WASHINGTON the scheme which had been divulged at table in a moment of conviviality. Those whose conspiracy could not bear the light, who were themselves plotting treason and circulating calumny, evinced a wonderful respect for the laws of honour and hospitality. But STIRLING only communicated intelligence reported to him as a matter of duty by his subordinate officer. It would have been treason alike against friendship and patriotism to have withheld a knowledge of this plot from its intended victim. The course which he pursued was identical with that of PATRICK HENRY, then governor of Virginia, when the same cabal attempted to poison his mind against the commander-in-chief. He at once informed him of what was plotting for his injury, remarking, "While you face the armed enemies of your country, and by the favour of God have been kept unhurt, I trust your country will never harbour in her bosom the miscreant who would ruin her best supporter."

The army remained at Valley Forge until Sir HENRY CLINTON evacuated Philadelphia, on the 18th of June, 1778, when WASHINGTON immediately started in pursuit, with the intention of hanging on the British rear, harassing its march, and, if a favourable opportunity occurred, of bring-

ing it to battle. On the 28th, the British occupied the high grounds about Monmouth Court-house, Sir HENRY CLINTON having sent forward his baggage under KNYPHAUSEN, leaving the flower of his army wholly unencumbered to bring up the rear. At eight in the morning, the British rear having descended into the plains, LEE, who led the advance of the Americans, commenced cannonading them, and pushed forward a force on both their flanks. The whole of the enemy immediately marched back to resist this attack. Part of LEE'S troops fell into confusion, and he ordered a retreat, intending, as he afterwards alleged, to rally them in a more defensible position. WASHINGTON, who was ignorant of what had occurred, ordered up the rear of the army to support the advance, and rode forward, when he was met by the troops in full retreat. He ordered LEE to rally his corps and make a stand, which he partially accomplished, but was again forced from the ground. At this moment, STIRLING, who commanded the left wing, brought forward a detachment of artillery, which played with such effect on the British, who had now crossed the morass, as to check their advance. They then attempted to turn the left flank, but were repulsed by STIRLING'S infantry. WAYNE had now come up with the right wing, and equally checked their advance on his side, compelling the British to retire to the position they had occupied on the arrival of WASHINGTON. WASHINGTON now ordered the artillery forward to cannonade the enemy, and detached a corps of infantry to gain their flanks; but before any further impression could be made, night put an end to the battle. At midnight, the British decamped so silently that their retreat was not perceived, and thus got beyond the reach of further pursuit. LEE subsequently requested a court-martial upon his conduct, and measures were immediately taken for his trial. STIRLING was made president of the court, and LEE was found guilty of all the charges preferred against him, and suspended from command for a year.

In October, STIRLING was ordered to Elizabethtown, to command the troops in New Jersey employed in watching the British fleet and the army in New York. On the opening of the campaign of 1779 he was ordered to take post at Pompton with the Virginia division, and cover the country towards the Hudson. Major HENRY LEE, who, with his light horse, formed part of the command, was stationed in advance to watch the motions of the enemy. Having learned that their advanced party at Paulus Hook was remiss in keeping guard, Major LEE formed a project of surprising it. His suggestion being approved by WASHINGTON, STIRLING furnished him with the necessary force, and took part in person with a strong detachment to cover his retreat. The enterprise was carried through with great spirit, and was entirely successful, the British post being surprised, and one hundred and fifty men taken prisoners. For the part which STIRLING took in this affair, he received the thanks of WASHINGTON and of Congress.

The main body of the army having gone into winter quarters at Morristown, WASHINGTON detached STIRLING with two thousand men to attempt carrying the British posts on Staten Island. The troops moved rapidly forward on sleds, and having crossed the inlet on the ice, STIRLING detached Colonel WILLET to attack a British regiment at Decker's, whilst he proceeded with the remainder to the watering-place, where the main body of the enemy lay. Notwithstanding the precautions that had been taken, and the great despatch with which the assailants had moved, the spies of the enemy had gained intelligence, and the British troops were all within their works, prepared for resistance. The projected surprise having thus failed, the works being too strong to be carried by assault, and the communication, moreover, with New York being unexpectedly found open, by which the British could be reinforced, the attack was necessarily abandoned. Some skirmishing took place in the retreat, a charge on the rear from the enemy's cavalry was repulsed, and a few prisoners were brought off by the Americans.

The campaign of 1780 was not fruitful of any important events in the northern part of the United

States, where STIRLING was employed. Projects were entertained for the recovery of New York, with the assistance of the French, who had now engaged actively in our behalf; but on account of the delay in waiting for our allies, the plans for this purpose were not carried into effect. In 1781, STIRLING was ordered to Albany, to take the chief command of the Northern army collecting there, to resist another invasion from Canada under St. LEGER. He had under his orders Brigadier-Generals STARK, VAN RENSSLAER, GANSEVOORT, and ENOS, with a small body of regular troops and militia from New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire. He collected the main body of his army at Saratoga, and made the most judicious arrangements to maintain the favourable omen of a battle-field already consecrated by victory.

Soon after his arrangements were completed, he had the satisfaction of announcing to his troops the complete triumph of our arms at Yorktown. This decisive event, with the approach of winter, doubtless put an end to the projected expedition of St. LEGER. STIRLING soon after dismissed the militia to their homes, and transferred his head-quarters to Albany. A scheme was formed for a winter's expedition, moving the troops in sleds over the snow, to reduce St. John's, Chamblee, and Montreal; but it was deemed advisable to remain on the defensive in this quarter, and the project was not prosecuted.

STIRLING now resumed the command in New Jersey, and in January 1782 he repaired to Philadelphia, which was within his military command, and established his head-quarters there for the winter. In the spring of the following year he was appointed, with the adjutant-general of the army and another officer, on a commission to settle the rank of the subalterns of the Connecticut line; and he proceeded for that purpose to Fishkill, where those troops were encamped. This service being accomplished, he was again ordered to command the Northern department, and established his head-quarters at Albany. There were rumours again of a contemplated expedition from Canada, to join an army of the enemy from New York, and effect the long meditated junction by the Hudson river and the Lakes; but no real movement was made towards this object, and STIRLING had only to remain on the watch, and use every effort to keep himself well informed of the intentions of the enemy.

Whilst thus engaged in the service of his country, his useful and honourable career was suddenly brought to a close. "The fatigue of body and mind to which he had been subjected during his command on an important and exposed frontier, superadded to the hard service and constant exposure he had undergone from the commencement of the war, brought on a violent attack of the gout, which soon proved fatal. He died at Albany, on the 15th of January, 1783, in the fifty-seventh year of his age," within a week of the day on which the independence of his country was solemnly recognized by treaty.

He was buried in the vault of his wife's ancestors, within the walls of the ancient Dutch church in that city; and when that venerable edifice was demolished, his bones were removed to the cemetery belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he was a member. His funeral was solemnized with the military observances appropriate to his rank, and the religious rites of his communion; and the ceremonies of the occasion are still remembered by the elder inhabitants of that city, as a spectacle of extraordinary interest and solemnity. He left a widow and two daughters: Mary, the elder, married to Robert Watts; Catharine, the younger, to Colonel William Duer. The death of Lord Stirling was lamented by his brother officers, and the troops he had commanded [embracing every brigade in the American army, except those of South Carolina and Georgia], as well as by his personal friends. He was regretted, indeed, by all, both in military and civil life, who knew him either in his public capacity or private relations; by many, also, who, without knowing him personally, were aware of the loss the public cause had sustained in being deprived of the influence of his character and the benefit of his services.

From what we have thus gleaned from the work before us, it is apparent that STIRLING was

among the foremost of those to whom we are indebted for the priceless blessings and the daily increasing national greatness that we enjoy. When these States were colonies, we have seen him with patriotic foresight endeavouring to foster their growth by enlightened suggestions to their rulers in the mother country; by advice to his neighbours, and by example, extending the number of objects of agricultural cultivation, and exploring and developing our mineral wealth; with enlightened benevolence aiding to found a library for the diffusion of knowledge among the inhabitants of his native city, and fostering in its infancy an institution of learning, which has sent forth so many youth fitted for a career of usefulness and honour.

An ardent lover of his country and of her liberties, we find him strenuously opposing the earliest attempts to assail them. The Stamp Act, and the Act to lay duties at our sea-ports, without our consent, found in him an equally inflexible opponent. When humble and loyal prayers to a stubborn king and an equally obstinate Parliament failed in obtaining redress, he encouraged the combinations that rendered these attempts at taxation nugatory. And when, at length, an attempt was made to crush all opposition by a large and well-disciplined army, he was among the first to take up arms, and never relinquished them until he died, on the eve of his country's emancipation. In the naval expedition against the king's transport off Sandy Hook, he first displayed his zeal and enterprise; in the battle of Long Island, where he sacrificed himself with a small portion of his troops to secure the safety of the remainder; at Middlebrook, at the Brandywine, at Germantown, and at Monmouth, he met in arms the invaders of his country, and in most of these bloody fields found occasion to signalise the obstinate courage and constancy which were his distinguishing characteristics. From August 1775, when he first took up arms in New Jersey, until his decease in January 1783, he was unremittingly engaged in active service. In the midst of all the discouragements that attended his country's struggle for liberty, from her weak and inefficient confederation, depending for the fulfilment of its pledges on thirteen distinct sovereignties, from her ruined finances, depreciated currency, her starving and half-naked soldiery, rendered mutinous by the penury, and sometimes by the neglect of Congress, he never despaired of the republic. And so he persevered until death, to the ruin of his private fortune, and with equal disregard of that rank in the mother country, and of the large territorial claims attached to it, which a contrary course would have established;—an honourable example of a man counting nothing of value in comparison with the sacred maintenance of his principles, and sinking every selfish consideration in the one strong and controlling feeling of an ardent patriotism.

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

HERE, as well as in literary circles, is the dullness of a limited community evident. Students are off to their vacation studies and recreations. But as they will garner up future treats and enjoyments for us, we must not grumble at their absence. Facts, this week, are numerous:—On Saturday last, a colossal statue, of marble, of the late Earl of Lonsdale, was placed upon its pedestal between the Court Houses in Carlisle. Soon after the death of that nobleman, a subscription was opened for the purpose of erecting a testimonial of the high esteem in which he was held. The execution of the statue was intrusted to Mr. M. L. Watson, a native of the neighbourhood. The manner in which he has executed the work justifies the confidence placed in his ability. The statue represents the venerable earl habited in the robes and decorations of the order of the Garter, a costume admirably suited to give grace and dignity to the figure.—Egypt promises to become the land of usefulness. Mehemet Ali, it is said, has refused to allow the European population of Alexandria to erect an equestrian statue in his honour; suggesting as a better and more welcome monument the erection of a public

edifice, to comprise an exchange, theatre, and clubhouse. The façades are to be ornamented with bas-reliefs representing that great work of territorial redemption, the barrage of the Nile, and the emblems of agriculture and commerce intermingled with military trophies. A marble bust of the Viceroy, and a marble tablet recording the founders' names, are all that are to minister to the vanity of individuals. A stern hint this to the squanderers on a Nelson monument and a Wellington statue.—In France the example of our commission of fine arts is being followed. Exhibitions somewhat similar to ours have been commenced, and at the present time the designs sent in for the restoration of the painted glass windows in the *Sainte Chapelle* are open to public examination.—A return has just been printed, by order of the House of Commons, of the pictures purchased for the National Gallery since 6th August, 1846, with the prices paid for them. From this it appears that the "Philip the Fourth of Spain hunting the wild boar," painted by Velasquez, was bought out of Lord Cowley's collection for 2,200*l*. Annibal Caracci's "Temptation of St. Antony" was purchased from the Earl of Dartmouth's gallery for 787*l*. 10*s*. For "The Vision of the Knight," by Raffaele, the sum of 1,050*l*. was given to the Rev. Thomas Egerton, heir to Lady Sykes. The same paper states that the number of visitors to the National Gallery during the year 1846 was 608,140.—At a council of the Royal Academy held on the 26th ult. the following gentlemen were admitted probationers in the Royal Academy of Arts, London:—Edward Thomas Coleman, Robert Charles Leslie, Thomas Daggett, Charles Wright, John H. Smith, Wynne William Watkins, Arthur Hughes, John Browne, George Knowles, David Nathan Fisher, Richard Hollingdale, John Cleghorn, Walter Goodhall, Charles Fowler, Edward Lance Tarbuck, Charles Augustus Gould, Benjamin James Benwell, Joseph Thomas, George Bidlake, Bright Smith, William Purdew, John Pollard Peppercorn, Joseph Gawen.—George Jones, R.A. keeper.

New Publications.

The Knowledge and Restoration of Old Paintings: the Modes of Judging between Copies and Originals, &c. By T. H. FIELDING. 12mo. London, 1847. Ackermann.

NEXT after medical quackery, which thrives rankly and luxuriantly to a miracle, the most profitable of all quackery is that of Art. Of the numerous professions and trades which have had existence from one or other of the Fine Arts, undoubtedly there is none that so far presumes upon ignorance and credulity, and that, withal, practises upon them so successfully, as that of the picture-dealer. Your curiosity-mongers are few as compared with connoisseurs, and if gullibility cannot be larger in the former than it usually is, less mischief in the whole results from it than from credulity in the latter; for almost every one who achieves for himself independence, or whose good fortune it has been to inherit wealth through the virtue of forefathers, sets up for a judge of art, if not avowedly, at least tacitly; for who, under these circumstances, does not adorn his walls with pictures, his hall and staircase with marbles? The intention we applaud, but deprecate the means generally adopted for its accomplishment. Notwithstanding the rules and cautions laid down by all the writers who have treated this subject—our author included—no man, be his genius what it may, can, without long and assiduous cultivation of the taste, and without the possession of certain physical requisites, acquire a sound knowledge of the merits and qualities of old pictures. The most accomplished artists and the ablest judges are continually deceived; they frequently doubt and disagree, not merely as to the genuineness of a picture—that is, of its originality by some hand—but, having

agreed on that, dispute and differ as to the name of the painter who produced it. The mistake lately made by the Committee of Taste for purchasing pictures for the nation (which includes in its councils the greatest artist of our day), who bought a spurious Holbein for the Gallery at a cost of some 700*l.* is an argument to the justice of what we say. Abundant instances now crowd upon our memory (among them one or two amusing anecdotes of gulled *dilettanti* for which we cannot here find room,) of cases where large sums of money have been utterly lost by outlay on pretended originals, to the gain only of impostors and rogues, who turn to laugh at the fools they have duped, and whose families in that manner they do not scruple to rob.

The really fine pictures by old masters in this country are all in good keeping, and it is pretty well known where each may be found: rightly their place is in public galleries; in such they should be gathered, where free access for students would make them really of service in the advancement of intellect. The rising school of our own country needs and deserves encouragement; and we would wish to see it receive those sums which are annually squandered ignorantly and perniciously upon the purchase of spurious and doubtful old pictures. In the works of living artists, there can be no deception. Money judiciously laid out on them is money well invested (in some instances, witness *The Piper*, by WILKIE, bought by the late Sir FRANCIS FREELING, the profit is enormous); and not only has the possessor of a fine picture by a modern artist the gratification arising from ownership, and the pleasure always to be derived from examining it; but as the fame of the painter rises, or when his death ensues, the work becomes greatly enhanced in value, and to be estimated in that point of view accordingly.

The little book before us contains a fund of useful, varied, and readable information; and, as far as it is possible to make one a judge by rule, no doubt this volume will do it. In addition to "advice as to the modes of distinguishing copies from originals"—a nice and difficult, and doubtful, task!—the book contains many useful suggestions for the restoration, and some judicious advice as to cleaning, works of art. From these, as practically of most value, we extract the following:—

HOW TO CLEAN AN OLD PICTURE.

The usual commencement is with soft water and common yellow soap, with soft soap and water, or with ox-gall and water; the latter being stronger than the soaps. When these have been well applied with a very soft sponge, containing not the least particle of grit or sand, the picture is to be washed with clean water, and made perfectly dry with old linen cloth or silk handkerchiefs; the latter are preferable. In using the ox-gall the best method would be to lay it on the picture (which is to be placed horizontally) with a brush; and when the first layer is dry, to add another, afterwards allowing the gall to remain on the picture for two or three days; then with a sponge and plentiful supply of clean water, it will be perceived that a considerable quantity of various impurities have attached themselves to the gall, and are removed at the same time with it, leaving the picture so considerably improved in appearance, as sometimes to require little or nothing more. Before much water is used in the first stages of picture-cleaning, the state of the painting must be considered, for if the colour be much broken up, or cracked over the whole surface, it might be rather dangerous to apply much water in the first instance. In cases of this kind, we recommend that the back of the picture be well saturated with copal varnish by several applications with a strong brush, previous to its being lined, a process which is described farther on.

This will in a great measure assist in the attaching the ground on which the picture has been painted to the cloth, and perhaps entirely prevent the tendency that grounds, much broken into, have to leave the cloth; yet, when all has been done that can be by varnishing the back, it will be still necessary to use no more water than is absolutely necessary, unless well assured that no size or glue has been used in the composition of the ground. If more be necessary after these washings, as the removal of the varnish, &c. use a little smart friction with the finger, dipped previously into a box of *impalpable* pumice-stone powder; this will ascertain, by the peculiar smell produced, whether the varnish that has been used be mastic or not. If it be mastic, it may, by a continuance of the same process, be rubbed off all the delicate parts of the picture without much risk of taking up the colours, as the varnish rises under the finger in the form of a white powder, which ceases to rise after the whole has been taken off. We must add, that after the varnish has begun to come off freely in powder, no more pumice-powder need be used. This process is for removing varnish that has been on the picture a sufficient length of years to become hard. For removing varnishes of more recent date, an entirely different mode is to be used. Where a great breadth of varnish has to be rubbed up, as in back-grounds, &c. a very soft and fine bottle-cork will save the fingers; but nothing will answer so well as the finger on the more delicate tints. For the removal of a stronger varnish, as copal, &c. a mixture of spirit of wine and spirit of turpentine will be required. To make these two spirits unite, a small quantity of the salt of tartar (tartrate of potash) is to be added. Every time this is used the bottle is to be well shaken, very little poured on the picture, and rubbed on with a small piece of flannel; then lay on the part rubbed a few drops of oil of olives to retard the action of the spirits. These operations are to be repeated over the whole picture, frequently changing the pieces of flannel, and as frequently applying the olive oil, in order to see what progress has been made. The picture lastly is to be washed with a sponge, soap, and water, afterwards with clean water, and then covered with a fresh varnish. If any stains should be found on the picture so unconquerable as to remain after the above processes, a little oil of spike lavender will certainly remove them; but the greatest care must be taken in using this essential oil; it softens old paint so quickly, that there is scarcely time to apply it and the olive oil, before it has gone too far; it is better to reduce its strength with spirit of turpentine if it should happen to be too genuine. Many use lancets and small scrapers, but this operation has also its risks from scratches, &c. It has happened, that an over-zealous picture-cleaner has discovered more than he has wished for, when his materials have been too strong—where sometimes a landscape has been slightly painted over another subject, as a marine or flower piece, or a portrait, and the reverse. This is a dilemma fortunately of rare occurrence, the simple ground of the picture being much more often exposed; and it has been in this way that a knowledge of the grounds on which the old masters painted has been acquired. In old paintings, which have been exposed to damp and bad air, or have been otherwise much neglected, we often find cracks, or the paint and ground wholly peeled off in places; yet, from this almost hopeless state, we have seen some very good pictures admirably restored.

* * * * * When the varnish and other blemishes have been cleared away, the cracks and damaged places are to be filled up, where hardness is required, with putty made of pipe-clay, or whiting crushed very fine, and paste or size. This putty should be made stiff and pressed well into the damaged places with a palette-knife; and where the broken parts are of any extent, care must be used to obtain a true and even surface level with the surface of the picture: this, when dry, may be painted upon with oil colours ground exceedingly fine, and all the tints made a little lighter than the surrounding colours of the pictures, as all colours ground in oils dry a little darker than their original hue when on the palette, or whilst wet, as it is technically called.

Many prefer to use a putty made with drying oil and whiting, in which colours are mixed, and thus matching the tints of the picture in some degree with the coloured putty: this mode also answers very well, and if the tints so matched are carefully made lighter than the neighbouring tints of the painting, much less trouble will be required in the retouching, for should a last tint become too dark in drying, there will be a good ground underneath when the objectionable tint has been removed. In a small work on oil-painting, by the late J. C. Ibbetson, published in the year 1803, he mentions (and his judgment was excellent in all things appertaining to the qualities or condition of old pictures) the following anecdote of one he had to repair:—"I had a picture, painted by Paul Veronese, in a deplorable condition, to repair, more than twenty years ago, when I found that it had been painted in size-colours and finished by repeated glazings in oil or varnish colours; and that this was beyond a doubt, I set it to rights with water-colours, and found them to correspond exactly. Some pieces, which were broken off, were still soluble in hot water, as I found upon trial: the size had been so strong as to prevent the varnish from being absorbed. The Bassans also painted in the same way, and Roos, or Rosa da Tivoli, painted almost entirely in size. It is rather strange that Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his innumerable experiments, should never have hit upon size-colours, as they instantly dry, and, however loaded, would always remain firm. The raised work on old Japan clock cases, &c. is done in the same way, and is almost indestructible." In every operation of picture-cleaning we must ever bear in mind the constant care requisite in order to preserve entire, or as much so as possible, the glazings and last finishing touches of the artist, which, lying on the surface of the work, and moreover being always of the most delicate texture, are too often removed with the dirt which may obscure the painting, even before they have been seen by the operator; indeed so often does this happen, that many skilful artists are constantly employed in London and other great capitals, in restoring to the best of their power the unavoidable damage which must take place when powerful solvents have to be used to remove the accumulated and blackened varnishes, oilings, &c. of ages possibly; and however we may object to such retouchings, as far as concerns the originality of the picture, every one will acknowledge that it is much better we should have even the half only of a valuable picture than none, or to keep it in its obscured condition.

A series of lives of the most eminent artists of the Italian, Spanish, French, Dutch, and Flemish schools, is affixed to the work. They are judiciously abridged from well-known sources, and give the reader a very accurate notion of the peculiarities of composition, handling, colour, and other characteristics of the several artists whose lives are introduced. Altogether this is a work of merit, and we recommend it to the attention of all who now have old pictures and wish to restore or preserve them.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

MUSIC of all kinds bends to the tune of the locomotive puff, and the whistle's harsh call. For this week we must content ourselves with retailing a little information from the pages of a contemporary. The *Musical World* remarks, that "every hour brings reports of the energetic provisions made by Mons. Jullien to establish the new 'Royal Academy' at Drury-lane. Among those already engaged for the vocal department are—Madame Pauline Garcia, Miss Birch, Pischek, Reeves (the new tenor from the La Scala at Milan), Whitworth (a new basso), Weiss, &c. The *répertoire* of the new academy will comprise some of the works of Glück and Mozart never heard in this country; together with the more modern compositions of Lindpaintner, Reisinger, Harold, and others.

Spöhr's *Faust* will be produced for Pischek with great splendour. *Faust* is one of the celebrated German barytone's most splendid parts. Native operas will not be wanting. New works by Macfarren, Balfe, and Benedict are spoken of, and all will be produced in the completest manner possible as regards principals, band, and choir.—Mr. George A. Macfarren has left London for America, together with Madame Macfarren, who has been specially engaged for the New York Festival.—Lizst, the pianist, is still at Constantinople, and has become the rage among the fashionable Turcomans.—Leopold de Meyer, the lion pianist, arrived in London last week from America.—Thalberg has been residing here for some weeks, but he has refused all overtures to play in public."

THE DRAMA, &c.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Tuesday was repeated VERDI's new opera *I Masnadieri*, founded on the wild and impressive drama of that name by SCHILLER. Though abounding in scenes of high dramatic interest, and capable of grand musical effects, on the whole this is not a pleasing opera. Had MOZART or WEBER handled so fine a subject, it would have been otherwise, and, of course, better treated than it has been by VERDI. Among living writers, MEYERBEER, MENDELSSOHN, or ROSSINI, would have been more successful, had the work been intrusted to either of them. Nevertheless, although upon the whole a heavy opera, it contains many striking and some beautiful passages. The overture opens spiritedly, and contains an extremely fine solo, violoncello, which was played (by PIATTI, we believe) with an accuracy and a feeling, and a full, round tone, that made us forget for a time the master-genius of LINDLEY. The cast of characters is happier in this opera than in any other we have attended this season. The great artists JENNY LIND and LABLACHE were not unworthily supported by COLETTI and GARDONI; the two last named had parts congenial to their genius, and never, we think, appeared to such advantage. JENNY LIND, however, it is that redeems this opera from commonplace. Taking gold as synonymous with value, she is the Midas of the sex, transmuting even the most vulgar thing into the beautiful and valuable. In the song where, standing by what she thought the tomb of *Maximilian*, and when, briefly and unexpectedly learning that her aged protector and her lover are still living, she gives utterance to her wild joy at this intelligence, she was twice encoored, and her singing and embodiment of the sentiment the second time were so wonderful that the auditory were in an absolute frenzy of wonder and delight. The opera was followed by the long popular *Pas de Déeses* the chief characters of which were sustained by TAGLIONI, CERITO, and ROSATI, in a manner which left nothing to be wished for by the most fastidious of the habitués of her Majesty's Theatre.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. WEBSTER has concluded the season with *éclat*, having successfully maintained its reputation with scarcely a flagging week from the commencement. The address deserves preservation for the excellent spirit that pervades it.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—After an arduous struggle of ten months, this little Haymarket booth is about to close. The most hotly-contested borough never displayed so many candidates for public favour as have been put into nomination on these boards. Yet, numerous as they were, you have received them all with kindness. If you have given plumpers to a few old favourites you have divided so many split votes amongst the rest as to gratify the ambition of all. In short, the state of the poll is highly satisfactory to everybody, and I beg to assure you that nothing shall be wanting on our parts to merit a continuance of your confidence. Permit me to say, ladies and gentlemen, that this is the only theatre in which, at the present moment, the legitimate drama has found a constant refuge. I have always pledged myself to that course, and it is for you to decide whether or not I have redeemed my pledges. Within seven months three original five-act comedies have been produced, and throughout the season there has been a rapid succession of comedietas, musical dramas and revivals, all of which have been successful. We have not to record a single failure. I have had the gratification also of reckoning amongst the happiest incidents of the season the return to the stage of your accomplished favourite, Mrs. Nisbett. Nothing, indeed, has been left unattempted to render the productions of this house worthy of your patronage.

During the last ten months considerably more than 2,000l. have been expended upon the authorship of new pieces, in addition to a general expenditure of upwards of 30,000l. I have endeavoured to do my part as far as the resources within my reach, and untiring zeal in the employment of them, could enable me. But this your vernacular stage has a hard fight, notwithstanding. It may be said to be devoted to the pursuit of the English drama under difficulties. Two Italian operas, French plays, musical soirées, night ballooning, hot weather, and out-of-door amusements are formidable competitors. Fashion runs after foreign languages, and leaves the vulgar tongue, even when Shakespeare speaks, to scanty audiences. I trust, however, the love of our immortal bard is not so lukewarm as to suffer the place of his birth to be desecrated by becoming the prey of foreign speculation. It is much to be desired that English should once become popular in influential places, so that those who cultivate it should be allowed to have a little more faith in their mission. But, believing the drama to possess a permanent vitality which must outlive all depressing circumstances, I look forward confidently to the future. English comedy cannot perish—it shall not, as long as I possess the power to nourish it. Amongst the measures arranged for the next session, independent of the eminent members at present attached to my ministry, are engagements with artists of the highest talents—Miss Helen Faucit, Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean, Mr. Ranger, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and others, including some new to these boards. Original plays, by distinguished authors, shall be early brought under your consideration, and it is hoped that when the whole policy of our little cabinet shall have become developed, we may calculate trustfully on your support. Relying, ladies and gentlemen, upon the good will you have always extended to us, and hoping to meet you again in renewed health, in the name of myself and the performers, until the latter end of September, I respectfully take my leave of you."

ROSHERVILLE GARDENS, NEAR GRAVESEND.—An exhibition of flowers, and miscellaneous plants, and fruits was held in these gardens last week, which was well attended, not only by visitors from Gravesend and London, but also from the surrounding country. Liberal prizes were awarded to the successful competitors, whose flowers and plants well deserved the praises awarded them. The fuchsias struck us as being particularly fine, as also, considering the lateness of the season, the roses: we cannot say so much for the heaths. Among the fruits, the grapes and melons attracted much attention. In the evening, a display of fireworks wound up the day's amusement, which appeared to have given universal satisfaction. We hear that the directors have it in contemplation to erect a spacious hot-house, which will be a great addition to these already attractive gardens, in which so many amusements are to be obtained, combined with economy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. SPENCER HALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—It was with sincere regret that I read the statement in your last number respecting the above-named gentleman.

Unable to offer myself what my feelings prompt, yet I beg to suggest to you that his case may be made known to the committee of the Literary Fund Association. The offices are in Great Russell-street, at one corner of Bloomsbury-square: a Mr. Blewit is the secretary. To my own knowledge, two gentlemen have been relieved more than once, and that liberally, from this source, and whose claims were not at all equal to Mr. Spencer Hall's.

In this, as in all similar institutions, it is desirable that the claim should be set forth by a party known to, or interested in, the individual; but I think that on the committee will be found the names of two or three to whom Mr. Hall is not unknown. Belonging to the Association, if not on the committee, are Mr. Rogers (the poet), Lord Morpeth, and Mr. Monckton Milnes.

This application need not interfere with any other available resources. Hoping success,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

29, Park-street, Bristol.

M. D.

P.S. If not known to any of the committee, I would recommend a copy of his poems, or some work, to be forwarded.

[If any reader of THE CRITIC should be a subscriber to the Literary Fund, or knows a contributor to it who would recommend Mr. Hall to the consideration of that society, he would perform a very praiseworthy action.—ED. CRITIC.]

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

1001. NEXT OF KIN OF GEORGE DAWSE, Esq. R.A. New-mans-street, Marylebone, afterwards of St. Petersburg, died Oct. 15, 1839.
1002. NEXT OF KIN OF JAMES SCOTT, of Newnham-street, Edgware-road, died Feb. 1833.
1003. HEIR-AT-LAW OF SAMUEL FOSTER, died at Birmingham many years ago, possessing property in Sydney.
1004. NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM ANDREW PRICE, Esq. MARY WARBURTON, widow, LUTY BOND, JOHN McCLEURE, formerly in marine service, ROBERT YOUNG, formerly of Bombay, marine, J. F. NELSON, formerly ensign of her Majesty's 65th regt., ELEANOR BOYD, and Captain JOHN SAMFSON.
1005. HEIR-AT-LAW OF ISRAEL JAMES HUDSON, late of Dean-street, in the parish of St. Paul, Bristol, died Feb. 1835.
1006. NEXT OF KIN OF SAMUEL BOURNE, Esq. late of Castle-street, Oxford-street, died Sept. 1834.
1007. NEXT OF KIN AND HEIRS-AT-LAW IN GAVELKIND OF SUSANNAH LARGENT, late of St. Margaret's, Rochester, widow, died August 1835.
1008. ANN SCARBROOK (late Parsler), NEXT OF KIN, Wife, and afterwards Widow, of James Scarbrook, of Turville, Bucks, labourer.
1009. CHILDREN OF Mrs. ESTHER HILL, formerly of Brayfield, who resided at Clapham, Surrey, about the year 1772, or their descendants.
1010. NEXT OF KIN OF SARAH SOPHIA SOAMES MONDAY, late of Cowley-road, Kennington, Surrey, widow, whose maiden name was Brandon, died 11th of May, 1836.
1011. NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM PICKERING, late of Great Driffield, East Riding of Yorkshire, tanner and maltster, died at Driffield, September 1835.
1012. NEXT OF KIN OF ANN EVERETT, late of Adam-street, Portman-square, died in January 1834. Was wife of Anthony Everett, of Adam-street, carpenter; and before marriage she was Ann Tolson, spinster, and lived in Bryanstone-square.

(To be continued weekly.)

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Archbold's (J. F.) Law relative to Examinations and Grounds of Appeal in cases of Orders of Removal, 12mo. 6s. 6ds.
- Cole's (Rev. B. T. H.) Psalms of David, new Metrical Version, 12s. 6s. cl.
- Ede's Gold and Silversmith's Calculator, new edition, by Aspin, 12mo. 6s. cl.
- Floral (The) Knitting Book, by a Lady, 18mo. 1s. swd.
- Fry's (Car.) The Listener, 10th edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. cl.
- Fysh's (Rev. F.) Examination of "Anastasia," by Bush, 12mo. 6s. cl.
- Gilbert's College Atlas, new edit. imp. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Gilbert's Junior Atlas, new edit. imp. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Heideloff's (C.) Gothic Ornaments of the Middle Ages, 2 vols. in 1, with plates, 4to. 47. 4s. cl.—Hosson's (W. C.) Examination of Poor Law Accounts, folio, 12s. 6d.
- Ince's Outlines of English History, new edit. 18mo. 1s. swd.
- Kirk's (J.) The Cloud Dispelled; or, the Doctrine of Predestination Examined, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
- Lessons on the Travels and Voyages of St. Paul, by a Lady, 18mo. 8d. cl.
- Morison's (J.) the Extent of the Propitiation, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—My Dream-Book: Poems by Sophia Iselin, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.; 5s. silk.
- Neander's (A.) General History of the Christian Religion and Church, translated from the German, by J. Torrey, Vol. I. 8vo. 16s. cl.—Neebe's (Rev. F.) German Grammar, 8vo. 6s. cl.
- Rail (The); its Origin and Progress, by Peter Progress, the Younger, 12mo. 1s. sewed.—Rask's (Dr. E.) Danish Grammar for Englishmen, edited by T. G. Repp, 2nd edit. 8vo. 5s. 6ds.
- Scriptural Epitaphs, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Ditto, cr. 8vo. 4s. cl.—Sophia de Lissau; a Portraiture of the Jews of the 19th Century, by the Author of "Emma de Lissau," 6th edit. fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
- Thomas's (G. P.) Poems, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Todd's (Rev. T.) Student's Guide, edited by the Rev. T. Dale, 4th edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.
- Webb's Improved Game Book, new edit. oblong 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed; 4to. 5s. sewed.—Wilderness Records, 2nd edit. 18mo. 2s. cl.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We cannot insert, or notice in any way, any communication that is sent to us anonymously; but those who choose to address us in confidence will find their confidence respected. NEITHER CAN WE UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY MANUSCRIPT WHATSOEVER.

"Sowerby's English Botany."—In our notice of this work we erroneously stated that the illustrations were fifteen, whereas the number is twenty.

PATERSON'S COUNTY COURTS
ACTS, containing the Courts and their Officers, Precedents of Statements of Causes of Action, many new Forms, Points of Practice, and a very copious Index. Price 6s. 6d. boards; 9s. bound; 10s. interleaved.
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